

THE  
COUNTRY SEAT;

OR,

Summer Evenings Entertainments.

Translated from the FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

*The Loves of CHEREA and CALIRRHOE.*

*Efforts of LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.*

*ZOROE and PHILAMITE, or CONJUGAL  
FIDELITY.*

To which is added,

*The EMPLOYMENT of SOULS after  
SEPARATION from the BODY;*

A D R E A M.

By M. RABINER, Chamberlain of DRESDEN.

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MDCCLXII.







The L O V E S of  
C H E R E A  
A N D  
C A L L I R R H O E.

**H**ERMOCRATES Prætor of Syracuse, he who repelled the unjust Invasion of the *Atbenians*, had a Daughter named *Callirrhoe*; her Beauty attracted Lovers from all parts; from *Italy*, *Iberia*, and even *Greece*. Among her Votaries were seen even the Sons of Princes; the *Cytherean* Deity, bringing them together, gave a Signal display of his Power.

VOL. II.

B

There

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There was at that time, in her native City, a young Man of a most charming Figure and distinguished Accomplishments, called *Cberea*, Son to *Ariston*, the first Man in *Syracuse* next to *Hermocrates*; but between the two Fathers existed a deep rooted Enmity, occasioned by an Opposition of Sentiments; Love, however, which delights in extraordinary Performances, was not checked by this Obstacle. One Day on the Festival of *Venus*, when it was usual for all the Youth of the Country to resort to her Temple, *Callirhoe*, came in, and was taken for the Goddess condescending to visit her Temple in mortal Form; at the same time *Cberea*, after the Exercises of the Academy, in which he excelled, and was no less noted for a ferocious kind of Haughtiness towards the Fair Sex, also made his Appearance there. The supposed Goddess and he happening to meet were both wounded with the same Dart.

*Cberea*, ashamed of his Defeat, returned home, concealing his Wound, but the young Beauty threw herself at *Venus's* Feet,

Feet, and kissing them said to her, O Goddess! I came hither in reverence to thee, and in this Temple I meet with my Ruin, assist me. Night, which increases all Grievs, instead of Rest, brought them torturing Emotions; young *Callirrhoe* was bewildered in her Passion; and *Cherea* already felt the secret Flame preying on him; unable to contain it, he in a peremptory Manner opened his Condition to his Father, adding, that if he could not obtain *Callirrhoe's* Hand, he did not care how soon he was out of Life. *Ariston* with a Look of Melancholy and Affection, said to him, my dear Son, what an unhappy Choice have you made, is it to be thought that *Hermocrates* will bestow on you his only Daughter, who, besides his Animosity against our Family, is surrounded by so many Lovers much superior to us; harbour I intreat you no; such Inclination, it will be exposing us to a certain Repulse, most mortifying from that Quarter; all that *Ariston* could say had no effect on *Cherea*; his Distemper became more and more enflamed; he now, to the great concern of the young Gentle-



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men who frequented it, absented himself from the favourite Academy. This would naturally produce an Enquiry after the Cause, and it soon came to be known; full of Compassion for such an unhappy alteration in their Friend, they in all Companies bewailed the Sufferings of such a promising Youth, as a public Loss; that one Day, at an Assembly of the People, there was a general Outcry; *Hermocrates*, illustrious Warrior, gracious Prætor, let not *Cherea* be lost to us, the whole City request your Daughter for him.

*Hermocrates*, who well deserved those noble Appellations, could not withstand the joint request of his fellow Citizens; immediately the People withdrew from the Theatre, and whilst the Senators and Archons conducted *Hermocrates* to his House, the young Men got about *Cherea*, and the *Syracusan* Ladies made their Appearance to attend the Bride; soon that magnificent City rung with hymeneal Songs, the public Places were decorated with Garlands and Illuminations; Perfumes diffused odoriferous Clouds through the Air, and Portions of Wine and Food were



were distributed among the Commonalty; such Rejoicings had never been seen since the glorious Repulse of the *Athenians*

In the mean time, *Callirrhoe*, who knew nothing of these Transactions, was lying on her Bed in silent Pensiveness and a Veil over her Head, when her Nurse came in, saying my dear, rise, this is a Day of happiness to us, the City marries you; these Words, had nearly overpowered the dejected *Callirrhoe*, her Heart throbbed and her Knees trembled, not knowing to whom she was to be married; but when her Relations led in the Bridegroom and *Cherea* raptured ran to embrace her, each Charm kindled anew, and her Beauty shone with heightened Radiancy, like a dying Lamp, which on receiving fresh aliment sends forth a more vivid Light.

This Felicity of *Cherea* being an unexpected Disappointment to *Callirrhoe's* other Lovers, excited their Envy, that they determined to embitter this Union, and one of them, Son to the Prince of *Agri-gentum*, took on him to raise a Jealousy in the Husband.

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*Cherea* received a Message requiring his immediate Attendance, his Father *Ariston's* Life being in Danger, by a fall at his Country House. His Grief at this was the greater that he could not take with him his charming Wife, and was obliged to leave her at *Syracuse*; an opportunity was taken in the Night to adorn the front of his House with Garlands, to make Libations of Wine and Perfumes, and scatter about a great number of Pieces of broken Wine Jars. *Cherea*, who had returned with all possible Expedition, could not see these Irregularities without some Disquietude. But *Callirrhoe's* gentle reasonings entirely removed it.

The *Agrigentine* was not discouraged; he had with him a Jester by Office, a Man not disagreeable in his Person, and overflowing with Pleasantry. This Fellow was to feign being desperately in love with one of *Callirrhoe's* Maids, and endeavour to obtain a Return; when the *Agrigentine* was sure that his Jester had compassed his Ends, he made use of another Instrument, who delighted in Mischief, and had a very insinuating Tongue; the latter having received

ceived his Instructions, one Day threw himself in *Cherea's* Way, and after an insidious Preamble, told him, that his Wife, with all her seeming Pudicity wronged him, and offered to shew him the Villain whom she admitted to her polluted Bed; only, says he, do you pretend a sudden Journey into the Country, and conceal yourself in the Night-time near your House, and you will see the Spark go in.

*Cherea* struck with this Information, which recalled to his Mind, the Garlands, the Libations, and the broken Jars, was in reality unable to return to his House; he sends Word that he is again suddenly called into the Country. But at Night posts himself where he had a full View of his House; the Jester, who was in reality on very good Terms with *Calirrbæ's* Maid, comes up, then walks on as one deeply meditating some mysterious Enterprise, shews many Signs of Fear, lest he should be observed, and at the same time does every Thing to be seen, with pertumed Hair, painted Eye-brows, and a flaunting Dress; he goes up to the Door gives a soft knock; the Maid opens it

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with the like Caution, and taking him by the Hand, leads him in.

Trifles light as Air, are to the jealous  
Confirmations strong as holy Writ.

This set *Cherea's* Blood a boiling, he rushes up to sacrifice the Adulterer, but by the Blindness of his Rage, the Gallant, happily for both, made his escape. *Callirrhoe* was on her Bed, in deep Affliction for the unexpected Absence of her Husband, which raised in her a thousand melancholy Apprehensions; on hearing his Voice all her Dejection vanishes, she starts up and flies to meet him. *Cherea* was too vehement to spend himself in Reproaches, he struck her with his Foot in the Breast, that she fell backwards breathless, and without any sign of Life. All his Slaves are put to the Torture, till the Truth is confessed by her who had made the Appointment, now his Grief is not to be expressed, and had not his Friend *Pollicarnes* opposed such a desperate Act, he had fallen a Victim to it by his own Hands. The Murder of *Callirrhoe* was soon spread all over the City, and *Cherea* seized in order  
to



to be brought to a Trial. All *Callirrhoe's* Suitor's urged that Sentence might be instantly pronounced against him; he himself requests it; the only Person who opposed it was *Hermocrates*, who, after an Oration in Defence of *Cherea*, discharges him, and hastens his Daughter's Funeral. The inconsolable *Cherea* celebrated her Obsequies with boundless Magnificence, she was deposited in the Family Vault near the Sea-shore.

This Precipitancy in burying *Callirrhoe* was very near being fatal to her, and occasioned all the Adventures of which I am going to give you a Detail. The Force of her Grief and Amazement at *Cherea's* Rage with the Violence of the Blow had thrown her into a Trance; how she was surprised at her awakening, may easily be conceived; her first Sensation was like that of a Person awakening out of a profound Sleep, she imagined herself lying by *Cherea's* side and called him by his Name, but finding that neither her Husband, nor her Women heard her, and Silence and Darkness environed her, she was seized with Horror and Consternation,

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and could not conceive to what Place she had been conveyed. She arose and at that Motion, the Gold and Silver of the Crown and Bandolets about her Head, tinkling, this with the Quantity of Spices which she felt every where about her, reminded her of the Blow she had received, and that it had been immediately followed by a Deliquium, and now she at length finds herself to be shut up in a Sepulchre; help me, cried she, I am buried alive, thus she continued calling out till her strength failed her, then spiritless and despairing she sunk with her Head on her Knees.

Whilst she was in this Agony, *Theron* and his People came up to the Sepulchre. This *Theron* was a bold artful Man, who under the Colour of Traffic, practised Piracy. Having seen the Magnificence of her Obsequies, and the Riches shut up in the Vault with her; he had determined to put them to a better use, by carrying them off in the Night. The first Sailor who entered the Vault, seeing a living Person, start up and throw herself on her knees to beg his Assistance, was too much frightened

frightened to make her any Answer, and hastened out again; but *Theron* incensed at his Timidity, leaped in, on which *Callirrhoe* trembling, entreated him not to take away her Life, and she would tell him how she came there.

At first he was for dispatching her for fear of a Discovery, but the prospect of Gain by selling her, induced him to bring her away with him. After pillaging the Sepulchre, he took her on board, and set sail. Having steered towards *Ionia* he put in at a little distance from *Miletum*, where he sold *Callirrhoe* as a Slave, whom he had bought at *Sybaris* her Mistress being jealous of her. Lest *Callirrhoe* should betray the Secret, he treated her with great Courtesy, and told her that his Design had been to set her on shore near *Syracuse*, but that contrary Winds had obliged him to alter his Course; there is a necessity, continued he, for our going on to *Lycia*, and as it signifies nothing exposing you to the Hardships of the Sea, I'll leave you here with some Friends, and call for you in my return to *Syracuse*; *Callirrhoe* plainly saw that she had been sold, but glad.

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glad to be out of the Hands of Pyrates, he dissembled and thanked him. *Theron* carried *Callirrhoe* to a Seat of *Leonatus*, who had purchased her. He was *Dionisius's* Receiver in those parts, and one of the greatest Men in all *Ionia*: *Leonatus* overjoyed at his Purchase invited *Theron* to a Supper, but this Pirate, who wanted to be gone, excused himself, and having promised to meet him the next Day at the Peer, repaired directly to his Ship, and hoisting sail he instantly put to Sea.

How hard is my Condition, cried *Callirrhoe*, who now left alone, was at full Liberty to utter her Complaints! Here *Theron* shuts me up in a second Sepulchre, where I shall be more lonely than in my first. My Father and Mother would have sometimes visited my Tomb, and *Cherea* would have shed Tears on it, this in Death would have given me Pleasure, I should have felt his animating Presence. But here who can I address myself to? Thou knowest my Distress, inexorable Fortune! persecuting me both on the Earth and on the Waves, it is through thee, that he, who loved me, and whom I loved,  
that



that *Cherea*, who was tender even to a Slave, gave me a Blow; thou hast since thrown me into the Hands of Robbers and exposed me to the Dangers of the Sea; my admired Beauty has it been of any real Advantage to me? I seem to have received it only to enrich the rapacious *Theron*, O! cruel Fortune! I have been sold in the open Country, like one of the Cattle which feed on it; it was not thy will that I should be led to the City, as there it would have been perceived that I am free and of a noble Birth, then turning her Eyes to a Ring which she had on her Finger, with *Cherea's* Portrait in it, and which her passionate Intreaties had saved from the brutality of the Pyrates, she kissed it, renewing her Lamentations, O! *Cherea*, said she, truly wretched art thou, in being separated from me; now that my Innocence must have appeared, thou repentest, thou deplorest thy fatal Suspicions, thou pourest forth Tears, thou offerest expiatory Sacrifices over my Tomb, and I Daughter to the illustrious *Hermocrates*, I thy Wife am sold as a Slave, and obliged to submit to a Master.

*Leonatus*

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*Leonatus* having directed *Foca*, one of his Farmers, to take Care of *Callirrhoe*, set out that very Night for *Miletum*, impatient to inform *Dionisius* of his valuable Acquisition. *Dionisius* had lately lost his Wife, who had deserved all his Grief, and this was such that he had not appeared in public since her Death. Preventing *Leonatus* he said to him this is the first Night I have had any rest since the Death of my Wife; I even thought I saw her again, and more lovely than ever, that I thought it was the first Day of my Nuptials, we celebrated it at my Seat near the Sea, I led her, and you sung the Epithalamium. O! Sir, cried *Leonatus*, you are happy both sleeping and waking, I will soon shew you the Explanation of your Dream; then he proceeded to tell *Dionisius* of the purchase he had made, extolling the Slave as the most exquisite Creature he had ever seen. *Dionisius*, whose Mind was still taken up with the visionary Ideas of his Wife, scarce listened to what *Leonatus* said; however he still persuaded himself that *Callirrhoe's* Beauty would give a turn to his Master's Melancholy, and  
now

now employed his Thoughts on some proper way to introduce her to his Sight.

Whilst *Leonatus* stayed in this City, *Plangone*, Wife to the Farmer *Foca*, kept her eye continually on *Callirrhoe*; and taking a pleasure in doing all kind of Offices for her, one Day she told her that *Venus* often shewed herself in the Country, and advised her to go and offer up her Prayers to her, go, says the good Woman, go, lovely Maiden, by all means go to *Venus*, the Goddess at seeing you will think she sees herself, and thus readily grant what you ask.

At these Words *Callirrhoe* could not withhold her Tears, it is to *Venus* says she, that, in part, my Sufferings are owing; however I have many Grievs to lay before her, so I will go and worship her; the kind *Plangone* having directed her to the Temple, she threw herself at the Goddess's Feet; in such a Temple as this, O powerful Goddess! said she, thou gavest me the first Sight of *Cherea*; it was thou likewise who didst unite us, and though we were not wanting in observing thy Ceremonies, thou hast not blessed our Union, since it  
has



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has been thy Pleasure to separate us ; one Favour is all that I have to request of thee, that henceforth I may never appear pleasing to any one. The Goddess signified that her Request was not accepted, Love is an Emanation from *Venus*, and she destined *Callirrhoe* for a second Marriage, which was not to be more lasting than the former.

This Temple bordered on the high way, and *Dionisius*, on whom *Leonatus* had prevailed to come and take a View of some Improvements lately made at his Mansion House, according to his Custom went in to perform his Devotions. *Callirrhoe* had on that Day gone thither ; *Dionisius* perceiving her was struck with her admirable Beauty, and imagining her to be the Apparition of the Goddess, was for throwing himself at her Feet, when *Leonatus* withheld him, saying, Sir, your Venerations are misplaced, it is the new purchased Slave ; here you, continued he, beckoning to *Callirrhoe*, come up to your Master ; at the Word Master, *Callirrhoe* cast down her weeping Eyes ; it was only Veneration to the Place, which checked *Dionisius's* rising,



rising Indignation; impious Man, said he,  
 full of his Idea that this was no other than  
*Venus*, profane Wretch, to speak to Deities  
 as thou wouldst to thy Equals or Inferiors;  
 thou sayest that this heavenly Person is a  
 Slave, which thou hast bought, and that  
 thou canst not find the Merchant that sold  
 it thee; hast thou then forgot, or didst  
 thou never read what *Homer* says, ' That  
 ' the Gods frequently disguise themselves  
 ' and come down to inspect into the Rec-  
 ' titude or Depravity of Men's Ways,'  
 either speak more respectfully, or never  
 shew thyself in my Presence; insult not  
 over the distressed *Callirrhoe*, said she; and  
 do not pretend to make a Goddess of a  
 poor unfortunate Creature. The sound of  
 her Voice appeared to *Dionysus* to have  
 something divine in it, and he left the  
 Temple full of Agitation. In vain he  
 strove to draw out the Arrow, with which  
 he was wounded; the Beauty of *Callirrhoe*,  
 her Attitude, her Tresses, the Sweetness  
 of her Voice were ever present to him,  
 but the Tears streaming from her lovely  
 Eyes, were what most affected him. After  
 fruitless Conflicts to recover his invaluable  
 serenity

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serenity of Mind, he sent for *Leonatus* ; thou hast ruined me, said he, on seeing him; from thee spring all the Evils which are now shooting up in me; but who is this young Person, I must know the Truth, whom didst thou speak to? Didst thou go into the Ship? to purchase for a Talent such a Beauty, is a perplexing Mystery to me.

The bloom of opening Flowers, unsullied Beauty,  
Softness and sweetest Innocence she wears ;  
And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring.  
Oh ! she has Beauty that might shake the  
Leagues

Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds.  
Heart ! how she inflames me !

Sir, said *Leonatus*, there is no need that you should thus torture yourself; I will send for her, and you shall hear her Tale from herself; this Proposal *Dionisius* would not come into lest it might give *Callirrhoe* any uneasiness, he chose to see her only in the Temple; where he bid *Leonatus*, in his Name, desire her to grant him an Interview.

*Callirrhoe* came thither; they who sold you, said *Dionisius*, melting with Fondness, say that they bought you at *Sybaris*  
of

of your Mistress, who was growing jealous of you. The first Time of my being sold, answered *Callirrhoe* was here, I never was at *Sybaris*; *Dionisius* asking her further Particulars, she told him her Name, and gave him an Account of the chief Circumstances of her Life, concealing only *Cherea's* Violence; Sir, continued she, as you are a *Greek* and no Stranger to Humanity, I hope you will not debase yourself by any tyrannical Procedure, nor withhold me from my Parents and Country. What can one Slave the less be to a Person of your Opulence? Besides, by restoring me to my Father you may be confident of being no Loser; *Hermocrates* has also Wealth, and is not ungrateful; I humbly renew my Intreaties; I conjure you shew Pity to one sinking under the weight of Distress, born and brought up, as I have been, I hope that rather than be treated as a Slave, I shall generously save my Virtue and procure my Liberty by Death.

*Dionisius* pitied *Callirrhoe*, or rather pitied himself, seeing all his Hopes quashed at once; be easy *Callirrhoe*, said he, think no more of Slavery, set your Heart  
at

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at rest, all that you desire, I consent to; you shall be used with Tenderness and Respect; so may *Venus* be propitious to me; *Callirrhoe* respectfully thanking him, left the Temple, much composed by his Answer.

*Dionisius* being withdrawn, sent for *Leonatus*; my Wife, said he, is no more, and this young Beauty, whom I at first viewed as an inestimable Gift sent me by *Venus*, I see no Hopes of obtaining; O! *Leonatus*! I am a lost Man, farewel to all Happiness, farewel to the World, the Day that *Callirrhoe* leaves this Country, shall be the last of my Life; why thus give yourself up to Despair, replied *Leonatus*, *Callirrhoe* is my Slave, and absolutely in your Power, what signifies her Will? You are to do with her according to your Pleasure—; dost thou know, interrupted *Dionisius*, that the Person thou hast bought is free; didst thou never hear of *Hermocrates* Prætor of *Syracuse*, who acquired such Reputation by the defeat of the *Athenians*; *Callirrhoe* is his Daughter, and shall I offer Violence to a free Person? shall she suffer from me an Outrage, when  
her



her Beauty and Situation even awed the base born Merchant.

*Dionisius* still was not without Hopes, that a favourable Impression might be made on *Callirrhoe*; *Plangone* had Orders to treat her with the utmost Tenderness and Respect, and to discourse her on *Dionisius's* Passion, with a promise of her Liberty and a parcel of Land, on gaining for him, the Heart of her whom he adored. Dexterous as this Woman was, all her Endeavours would have failed, had not Fortune taken the Business in Hand. *Callirrhoe* was pregnant without knowing it, the Symptoms declared themselves towards the End of the second Month, and though not very conspicuous were one Day perceived by *Plangone* in the Bath; this she said nothing of immediately on account of the Women about her, but when they were alone, she intimated to *Callirrhoe* this new Discovery; the Knowledge of her Condition filled the Daughter of *Hermocrates* with the most torturing Grief, she burst into Tears, and wringing her Hands, cried, now Fortune thou hast filled the Measure of my Distress, in making me bring into the World a  
Child

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Child born in Slavery; addressing herself then to the tender Burden she bore within her: Dear Infant, says she, thou art unhappy even before thou beholdest the Light, thou wast shut up in the Tomb, and thou hast been in the Hands of Pyrates! through what Ways dost thou advance to Life? What hope can thy unhappy Mother entertain for thee, who art an Orphan, and a Slave in a Foreign Country, even at the Moment of thy Conception. Ah! since such thy State, rather die than enter Life.

*Plangone*, amidst other Consolations, promised her, the next Day to procure her a Method for preventing the growth of her Fruit, not that such a shocking Extremity was really her Intention, what she aimed at was to improve this Circumstance to the Gratification of her Master's Passion.

As to poor *Callirroe*, she was no sooner left alone than she renewed her Mournings, whilst a thousand conflicting Emotions tortured her agitated Mind.

A Grandson of the illustrious *Hermocrates*, said she, is coming into the World, as the property of a Master, and soon shall I bring forth a Child without a known

known Father. Will Slander spare me? will it not be branded as the bantling of a Pyrate? Thy misery, dear Child, would add Stings to my Sufferings; to prevent thy Birth is Compassion to both. Then Despair being superseded by Nature, she shuddered at the inhuman Thought. How, said she, destroy my Child!—but should it prove a Son, and like his Father! Have the Gods saved him from the Tomb, from the Sea, from the Pyrates, to reserve him only for Wretchedness and Ignominy! Have not the very Sons of Deities and Kings been born in Slavery and afterwards rose to the natural Splendor of their Origin. Yes, precious Pledge of *Cberea's* Love, thou shalt one Day breath *Sicilian* Air and gladden thy distressed Father's Heart. Hearing from thee the Tale of thy Mother's Condition, thy Kindered will send a powerful Fleet for her Deliverance, and thus, by thee, shall the Authors of thy Birth be restored to each other.

At length

Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care,  
The Death of each Day's Life: tir'd Nature's  
Bath!

Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast,

stilled



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stilled her Agitation, and a Dream presented to her the Apparition of *Cberea*, with a Look of complacent Earnestness, he said to her; 'I charge you take care of our Son;' this Vision, which she concluded to be a divine Intimation of her Husband's Sentiments, determined her to bring up the Child, and she communicated her Resolution to *Plangone*, who never failed seeing her early every Day. That, said this Woman, is beyond your Power; my Master is extremely in Love with you; and though on account of his Virtue you have no Violence to fear; yet it is not to be supposed that his slighted Love will permit you to bring up, under his Eyes the Token of another's Happiness. Your Child's Birth must be prevented, or when born, it must not live; there's no other Option.

*Callirrboe* throwing herself at her Knees, oh let me conjure you to find some Expedient for saving my dear Babe; save him I will. *Plangone* promised it should take up all her Thoughts that Night, and at her next Visit on coming in, she said; well, Child, I believe I have hit on an effectual Expedient



dient for making you quite easy. See how much I love you. I have engaged my Master in your Interest. The rest must be left to you. You are but two Months gone with Child, marry *Dionisius* and the Infant will be then looked on as his; rather let it die, cried *Callirrboe*! you are in the right, answered the artful *Plangone*, there is less Danger in this Step, than in deceiving my Master; efface all remembrance of your noble Origin, and cherish not the least hope of ever seeing your Country again, and view yourself only in the light of a Slave.

The more *Plangone* exhorted *Callirrboe* to destroy her Child, the more the tender Mother was moved with Compassion for it. She begged to consult with herself in so momentous an Affair, in which, on one side she was restrained by her matrimonial Vow, and on the other, by her maternal Affection: This last Thought had all its weight with her, and joined to the Dream *Callirrboe* lately had, decided the excruciating Contest. She called to Mind the Words of her Husband, and on her assenting to marry *Dionisius*, she cried out, Thou, thou

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*Cherea*, thou alone compellest me to give my Hand to *Dionisius*.

*Plangone* delayed not a Minute to find out her Master, to acquaint him with the joyful News. Is not this an Illusion, said he! how, *Callirrhoe* consent to receive my Hand, she that would not even see me! nothing is more true, replied *Plangone*; she herself charged me to make this Proposal to you. Give it me, replied *Dionisius*, in her very Words, without adding or diminishing. Her Words were these, replied *Plangone*, "Issued from the first Family in *Sicily*, my Misfortunes have never been able to stifle in me, a due Sense of my Birth; Parents and Country, I have entirely lost; my Nobility alone is all that is left me. If *Dionisius* is for making me only an infamous Mistress, I will sooner die, than permit such an Outrage. If on the contrary he is willing to espouse me, I consent to be a Mother, to bring into the World a Grandchild of *Hermocrates*." Is it thy will great *Jupiter*, cried *Dionisius*! Grant me a Son by *Callirrhoe*! come faithful *Plangone*, let us immediately go to her.

You

You have restored me to Life, dear *Callirrhoe*, says he to her; incapable of offering you any Violence, and unable to resist the force of my Desires, my Resolution was already taken, I had resolved to die; you fill me with the highest Acknowledgments; yet I have a Complaint against you; how could you entertain the least Thought that I would refuse to make you my lawful Wife? was it kind, was it natural, to suppose that I could treat as a Slave, a Person that was free and nobly born.

In saying these Words he approached *Callirrhoe*, she calmly embraced him; great as *Dionisius's* Ardour was to solemnize the Marriage, he forbore it from Respect to *Callirrhoe*, and a Desire of paying her all the Honours due to her Birth; he thought however that being the Daughter of *Hermocrates*, she might be claimed by the *Syracusans*, and that the best Method to secure the Possession of her, was to marry her publickly, and according to the Laws of the Country.

Before she returned to Town, *Callirrhoe* visited the Temple of *Venus*, and courte-

ously desiring every Body to depart, throwing herself at the Feet of the Goddess; “Powerful *Venus*, says she, I know not whether I ought to complain of you, or to return you my Thanks, you first obliged me to espouse *Cherea*, and now you dispose of my Hand to another. Had it not been for this Infant, the sweet Pledge of my former Nuptials, I had never consented to this new Marriage, this I had sworn by you and your Son. It is no longer for me, but him alone, I address my Prayers, grant that the Fraud I am obliged to make use of may not be detected, that this Child may be received as the Son of *Dionisus*, and that after a suitable Education he may meet with his real Father.”

*Dionisus* being returned to *Miletum*, conducted *Callirrhoe* to the Temple of Concord, and there publicly espoused her, whilst all the People, wrapped in silent Admiration of her Beauty, forgot the usual Acclamations.

During these Transactions at *Miletum*, others not less interesting passed at *Syracuse*. The Pyrate who had carried  
away



away *Callirrhoe*, had neglected closing up the Tomb. *Cherea* perceiving that it had been opened, went in, and saw that *Callirrhoe* was no longer there. In the Transports of his Grief he conceited that some jealous God had taken her to himself; but the Circumstance of the Tomb being pillaged, cleared up the Mystery to the *Syracusans*, who saw some rapacious Mortal had violated its Sacredness.

They immediately put to Sea in pursuit of the Robbers. Whilst *Hermocrates* beat along the Coasts of *Sicily*; *Cherea* made sail towards *Lybia*; others stretched away for *Ionia*. The Gods permitted not that the Search should be fruitless. Resolved to punish *Theron*, they delivered him into the Hands of *Cherea*.

This Scelerate after weathering a most violent Storm, had met with a long Calm, which consumed all his Provisions, so that his Men were all famished. He alone remained, and no one could have deposed any thing against him, had not the Spoils of the Tomb been found in the Bark. *Cherea* having entered it, immediately knew them; and making the half

dead *Theron* feat himself by him, who art thou, says he to him? whither art thou bound? whence came you? and where did you get all this Treasure? I am a *Cretan*, replied *Theron*. “I was steering for *Ionia* going to see one of my Brothers, who is in the Army. The Vessel in which I had agreed for my Passage sailing from *Aphalonia* without me, I got aboard this Bark, which was just putting to Sea, but of all the Crew and Passengers I am the only one, whom the Gods have thought fit to preserve.” *Cherea* having fastened the Bark to his own Ship, made the best of his way back to *Syracuse*.

*Theron* having been publickly interrogated, made the same Answers he had before done to *Cherea*; only with this Addition, that he thought he had embarked himself with Merchants instead of Pyrates, which without doubt moved the Gods, the Protectors of Innocence to save him from that Death, which the rest of the Company had suffered; the dissembled Tears which he shed, at that instant, raised Compassion, and *Cherea* was about sending him back, when a Fisherman happened to know him again. Being put  
to

to the Torture, he confessed his Crimes. *Cberea*, who by his means had got some insight into the Condition of his Wife, used his Interest to save him, but could not obtain that Favour. This miserable Wretch was crucified near the Tomb, where *Callirrboe* had been deposited.

Two Senators, and two of the principal of the People, were deputed in the Name of the City, to go and demand *Callirrboe*; and with them went *Cberea*, accompanied by his Friend *Policarnes*, they had a prosperous Voyage, and in a few Days arrived at *Ionia*.

They having by chance anchored at some distance from *Dionisius's* country House, went ashore to refresh themselves. *Cberea* and *Policarnes* separated from the rest of the Company to enjoy a greater freedom of Conversation, describing the same Temple of *Venus* which *Callirrboe* had first visited; they made up to it. Who can express *Cberea's* Emotions when they saw her Picture which *Dionisius* had caused to be put up; he fainted. 'Compose yourself, my Son, said she, 'who had the Care of the Temple, as

C 4

' soon

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‘ soon as she had recovered him. You  
 ‘ are not the first, whom the Sight of the  
 ‘ Goddess has thus struck, she often ap-  
 ‘ pears here; but it is a happy Omen for  
 ‘ those to whom she vouchsafes her Presence.  
 ‘ You see that Picture, she whom it repre-  
 ‘ sents is no more than a Slave, but *Venus*  
 ‘ has made her our Sovereign.’ And who is  
 she, says *Cherea*? ‘ It is, replied the Prief-  
 ‘ tess, the Wife of *Dionisius*, the Master  
 ‘ of this Place,’ *Policarnes*, fearing *Cherea*  
 might inconsiderately discover himself,  
 took him by the Arm, and obliged him to  
 quit the Temple.

Whilst *Cherea* was disconsolate at this  
 Account, and *Policarnes* endeavouring to  
 comfort him, the Farmer *Foca* had per-  
 ceived a warlike Ship at Anchor, and  
 met a Sailor, who had apprised him of  
 the Reason of their Voyage. His At-  
 tachment to his Master, and fear that  
 should *Callirrhoe* be taken from him,  
 would prove his Death, uses all his En-  
 deavours to secure him the Possession of  
 the Vessel. He mounts his Horse, and  
 repairing to a neighbouring Fortrefs,  
 spreads an Alarm, that a Ship of War  
 was



was upon the Coast, and persuades the Soldiers, it was for the Interest of their King, that they should attack this Vessel, and put to the Sword all who belonged to her. These Barbarians, in the middle of the Night, surprise the Ship, and setting Fire to her, brought away many Prisoners.

*Cherea* and *Policarnes*, supplicating that they might not be separated, he to whose Lot they fell, sold them into *Caria*, where they were employed as Labourers in the Lands of one *Mithridates*.

That very same Night, *Callirrhoe* saw *Cherea* in her Sleep, loaded with Chains, and endeavouring to approach her, but could not. ‘Come *Cherea*, cried she, with ‘a loud Sigh.’ This was the first time that *Dionisius* had heard the Name of *Cherea*; he asked *Callirrhoe*, who it was she called on. Her Tears betrayed her, and for a long time she could not suppress the Emotions of her Grief. ‘It is ‘my first Husband, answered she, he is ‘an unfortunate Man, miserable even in ‘Dreams; I have seen him sinking under ‘the Weight of his Chains. He is dead  
C 5 ‘most

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‘ most surely; in search of me he has met  
 ‘ his Fate, whilst I live and revel in the  
 ‘ midst of Splendor. O dear Husband,  
 ‘ I quickly will follow thee, and though  
 ‘ we could not enjoy each other on this  
 ‘ side the Grave, Death shall convey me  
 ‘ to the Mansions of blessed Spirits where  
 ‘ we shall never know Separation.’

These Words grieved *Dionisius*. He could not without Jealousy hear *Callirrhoe* expressing such ardent Love for *Cherea*, though he was no more, and he feared at the same time, that she might do violence to herself. He did all that was in his Power to comfort her, and never quitted her for some Days, lest she should take any violent Measures against herself. The thought that *Cherea* was not yet dead, and that her Dream might merely proceed from her waking Thoughts, alleviated her Grief; and another Consolation was, that the Son which she had lately brought into the World passed for *Dionisius*’s, but she had the Pleasure of knowing it to be the Pledge of *Cherea*’s Love.

The Interest which she had in the concealment of the Secret, engaged her to  
 solicit

sollicit the manumission of *Plangone*, who alone was acquainted with it. *Dionisius* readily discharged his Promise, and permitted *Callirrhoe* to go and return thanks to *Venus* for the Son she had brought forth. The Temple was adorned with Garlands and Festoons, and *Dionisius* with great Pomp assisted at the Ceremony.

*Callirrhoe* expressed a Desire to be left alone with *Venus*; when taking the Infant in her Arms, she, weeping, implored for him the Protection of that Goddess, not without a Shower of Tears. The Priestess, whom she had called to her, seeing her dissolved in Tears, was greatly surpris'd. Daughter, says she to her, why thus afflict yourself? What Chagrin can reach you, whose Happiness is such that the very Strangers adore you as a Goddess? Here have been two young Foreigners of noble Mein, and on seeing your Picture, one of them, to all appearance, expired; so much Pleasure does *Venus* take in heaping her Favours on you. Who are these Strangers, says *Callirrhoe*, greatly agitated? Whence come they? And what Conversation had they with you? The Priestess could

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' the part I take in your Distress, I cannot  
 ' but lament. Your Sorrows will not re-  
 ' call him, why then do you attempt im-  
 ' possible things, and neglect what is ab-  
 ' solutely necessary and in your Power?  
 ' Imagine you see him whom you lament,  
 ' hear him say to you, haste to inter me,  
 ' that I may be admitted into the peaceful  
 ' Abodes of the Dead. We cannot, it  
 ' is true, find his Body, but it is an  
 ' ancient and sacred Custom among the  
 ' Greeks, to make a Burial even for  
 ' those who are not to be found.'

The Consolation of procuring Rest and  
 Honour to the Manes of *Cherea*, a little  
 alleviated *Callirrhoe's* Sorrows, and all her  
 Thoughts were about chusing a proper  
 Place, in which she might erect a Monu-  
 ment. She would have had it near the  
 Temple of *Venus*; but at *Dionisius's* Re-  
 quest, who envied *Cherea* this mark of her  
 Affection, she receded from her Design.  
 ' *Miletum*, said he, must be the Place,  
 ' for as *Syracusans* often come to that  
 ' Town, the Sight of such a Proof of  
 ' your Regard to your deceased Husband  
 ' will do you Honour amongst your coun-  
 ' trymen.'

*Callirrhoe*



*Callirrhoe* consented to it, and they went to *Miletum*, where they performed the Obsequies of *Cberea*. The extraordinary Magnificence drew thither most of the Inhabitants of populous *Ionia*. *Mithridates* Satrap of *Caria*, and *Pharnaces* Satrap of *Lydia* attended, under colour of doing honour to *Dionisius*; but indeed to see *Callirrhoe*, whose Beauty was become celebrated throughout all *Asia*.

Whilst *Callirrhoe* was paying at *Miletum*, her last Duties to *Cberea*, he was in *Caria*, locked to a heavy Chain and labouring in the Ground. Fatigue, ill Treatment, and above all, the Pains he suffered from his despairing Love, had greatly impaired his Health; and without the wise and gentle *Policarnes* he had sunk under his Misfortunes. This inestimable Friend, who had been sold to the same Master, seeing that they used *Cberea* ill because he could not work, says one Day, to the Overseer of the Slaves: ‘Assign us a separate Place, that we may not be accountable for the Idleness of others, and we will compleat our Work within the prescribed time.’

The Overseer consented; and *Policarnes*, who was strong, and his only uneasiness

ness Sympathy for his Friend, dispatched the far greater part of the Labour himself, and thus preserved his Friend's Life, and procured them better Treatment.

*Mithridates*, their Master, returned to *Caria*. He had been, as we before observed at the Obsequies of *Cherea*, and there had seen *Callirrhoe*. The Passion he had conceived for her gave Birth to fresh Incidents.

Some of the Slaves who were at Night linked in the same Chain with *Cherea*, having broke their Fetters in the Night, and killed the Person who watched them, endeavoured to escape, but the Dogs who guarded the Prison, raising an Alarm, they were retaken, and *Mithridates*, on information of their Attempt, gave order, without hearing them, to crucify all the Slaves belonging to that Chain.

Thus was *Cherea* dragged with the others to this cruel Punishment, and not a Word came from him; but *Polycarnes* could not restrain himself from crying out: 'O *Callirrhoe*, thou art the Occasion of all our Sufferings.' On this the Overseer imagining that this *Callirrhoe* was some Woman who had drawn them  
into

into the Conspiracy, and intending she should also receive her Deserts, loosed *Policarnes* from the Chain, and took him to *Mithridates*.

The Satrap was at that time in his Garden, musing on *Callirrhoe*, and vexed at being disturbed in his amorous Contemplations, ‘Why comest thou to trouble me,’ says he to his Overseer? My Lord, ‘replied this Man, I have discovered the Source of the Plot, it is a Woman, and this Man knows her;’ speak, says *Mithridates*, to *Policarnes*, name her and all your other Accomplices. *Policarnes* having answered, that he knew none, and that he was also innocent of the Murder that had been committed, or of any other disturbance, *Mithridates* ordered him to the Torture. One of the Attendants, immediately seizing him; said, what is the Name of the Woman, that you exclaimed against as the cause of your Punishment? ‘*Callirrhoe*, replied *Policarnes*.’ *Mithridates* hearing the Name was struck with the Resemblance it bore to that of the irresistible Beauty which he had seen at *Miletum*. He, dreading to punish one who

who bore the Name of a Person so dear to him, was for making no further Enquiry; his Friends however exhorting him to it, he ordered that *Callirrhoe* should be brought before him.

*Policarnes* was asked what this Woman was, and where to be found. ‘Why ask you me, about a Person who is not here? She of whom I speak is *Callirrhoe*, Daughter of *Hermocrates*, Prætor of *Syracuse*.’ *Mithridates* reddened at these Words; a cold Sweat bedewed his whole Body, and some involuntary Tears fell from his Eyes. What Connection, at last, says he, hast thou with *Callirrhoe*, and why didst thou mention her name, as thou wast going to suffer! my Lord, replied *Policarnes*, the Story is too long; nor would it be of any service to you or me to relate it. All I ask is to order me back to Punishment, I fear my Friend is already no more, refuse me not the Favour to let us die together.

These tender Sentiments of Friendship, which the faithful *Policarnes* poured forth, drew Tears from all the By-standers. *Mithridates* mildly required him to inform him  
‘who



who he was, where born, and how he came into *Caria*? *Policarnes* satisfied him in all these Questions, and related every thing that had happened to his Friend and himself, before and since their Departure from *Syracuse*. He had no sooner mentioned his Friend's Name, than *Mithridates* cried out: 'Is *Cherea* the Person of whom you speak.' Yes, says *Policarnes*, that is my Friend's Name, and I once more conjure you, that we may die together.

*Mithridates* instantly dispatched all that were about him to *Cherea*. The other Slaves were already dead when they arrived, and they were preparing to execute *Cherea*. They ordered him to be unbound and conducted to *Mithridates*, who drawing near to him, and embracing him at the same time, 'said, By your obstinate Silence, you had almost made me commit an Action, that would have extremely afflicted me.' He then gave orders for conducting him and *Policarnes* to the Bath, and that splendid Apparel should be provided for them.

Towards the close of the Entertainment, to which they were afterwards invited, and which was very sumptuous, he informed

*Cherea*

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*Cherea* that *Callirrhoe* was married to *Dionisius*, and even had a Child by him. Is it so! cried *Cherea*, then order me back to my Punishment, and throwing himself at his Feet at the time, ‘Life now, ‘is to me the most insupportable Torment, ‘poor *Callirrhoe*, Misfortunes have overcome thy Fidelity? Wretched me!’ his Complaints pierced every one at the Table, and Sorrow superseded the general Mirth.

He was for quitting the Country and going to *Miletum* to claim the Restitution of *Callirrhoe*, persuaded that if she once saw him, she would break her new Engagement. *Mithridates* opposed it, and made him sensible of the Danger of such a Step, ‘Who will you have to back your Demand, says he, neither *Hermocrates* or myself will be at *Miletum* to assist you.’ Who knows, if they may not contest your being the real *Cherea*; and if they should acknowledge you, your Danger will, in all probability, be much greater. My Advice is, that you write to *Callirrhoe*, and begin, by assuring yourself, that she will abandon *Dionisius*, write by all means, I will charge myself with the delivery of your Letter to her.

The

The advice of *Mithridates* had a good Face, but his concern for *Cherea* was not the only Motive for it. Adoring *Callirrhoe*, he with Pleasure seized an Opportunity of ingratiating himself with her, by bringing her News of her former Husband. He thence hoped that in the Dispute that was like to arise between the two Husbands, he could so manage Matters as to make *Callirrhoe* decide in favour of a third, by a certain Levity natural in Love, and in his own mind he had already succeeded. The Letter that *Cherea* wrote was in the following Words;

CHEREA to CALLIRRHOE,  
Health and every Blessing.

I Am still living, which I owe to *Mithridates*, my Benefactor, and whom, on this account, I persuade myself you will esteem as yours. *Syracuse* had sent Embassadors to claim you; we came in the *Jason*, that Ship where your Father has often distinguished himself, but the *Barbarians* have burned it, and what is become of the Companions of my Voyage since our being sold into *Caria*, I know not;  
as

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' as for *Policarnes* and myself, the huma-  
 ' nity of our Master has given us our Lives,  
 ' when we looked on ourselves as dead.  
 ' But if *Mithridates* has been thus gene-  
 ' rous towards us, he has at the same time  
 ' given me the most torturing Anguish,  
 ' informing me of your second Marriage.  
 ' My Birth subjecting me to all the  
 ' Miseries annexed to the human State,  
 ' it was no more than natural for me to  
 ' expect to die; but it never entered my  
 ' Thoughts, that I should ever hear of  
 ' your being married a second time.  
 ' Change your Sentiments, I conjure you.  
 ' This Letter is bedewed with my Tears. I  
 ' am that *Cberea* whom you first saw in  
 ' the Temple of *Venus*; who was joined to  
 ' you at the unanimous Desire of our  
 ' City; recall the Rejoicings of that Day,  
 ' the Sacredness of that Tye. Jealousy  
 ' prompted me to Guilt; It is a Foible  
 ' natural to love.

The greater Care the higher Passion shews,  
 We hold that dearest we most fear to lose;  
 Distrust in Lovers is too hot a Sun,  
 But 'tis Night in Love when that is gone.

' And am I not sufficiently punished for it;  
 ' I have been fold, I have been a Slave,  
 ' loaded



' loaded with Chains. Erase from your  
 ' Heart the Outrage which I committed  
 ' in the heat of boiling Indignation.  
 ' When I was going to Execution, I vented  
 ' not the least Complaint against you;  
 ' If you still have a due remembrance of  
 ' *Cherea*, I esteem as nothing all that I have  
 ' suffered; if you have forgot me; I  
 ' have done with Life.'

*Mithridates* gave this Letter in charge  
 to *Higin* the most faithful of his Slaves,  
 and opened his own Passion to him; he  
 also writ to *Callirrhoe* intimating that  
 from respect to her, he had saved *Cherea*,  
 he advised her to return to her first  
 Husband, and promised, if she desired,  
 that he would take up Arms to facilitate  
 their reunion.

*Higin* took with him three other Slaves  
 loaded with rich Presents and a large Sum  
 of Money; and to prevent all Suspicion, he  
 had Orders to tell them that *Mithridates*  
 sent those Presents to *Dionisius*. His  
 Master further enjoined him, that on his  
 coming to *Prienne*, he should leave the other  
 Slaves there and proceed to *Miletum* alone,  
 to plan Measures for the Success of his  
 Message.

*Higin*

*Higin* followed his Orders, but the Affair fell out contrary to *Mithridates's* Expectation. The Slaves whom *Higin* had left at *Prienne*, lived very profusely, and their Appearance and Deportment little corresponding with their Wealth, the Governor of the Town took them for Robbers, or at least for Slaves who had run away from their Master. He went to their Quarters; and on search found a prodigious Quantity of Gold, together with a rich Parcel of Jewels and Trinkets. Being asked where they got all this Treasure, they answered, it was Presents for *Dionisius* from *Mithridates*, Prefect of *Caria*, and delivered to him some Letters, which being sealed, the Prætor dared not open them; and having directed the whole to *Dionisius*, sent the Slaves also.

*Dionisius* was taking a Repast, when *Mithridates's* Presents were brought, as from *Bias* Prætor of *Prienne*. He looked on them with Pleasure, but when he came to open the Letters, and read these Words, *Cherea* to *Callirrhoe*. — I am still living, — he had not power to go through it; but putting up the Letter, rose from Table.

A thousand different Passions rushed on his Soul, he could not believe that *Cherea* was alive, because ardently wishing the contrary; he rather thought it an Artifice of *Mithridates* to get his Wife from him.

He had *Callirrhoe* narrowly watched, that no Letter might be conveyed to her, and turned his Thoughts how he should revenge himself on the Seducer. *Pharnaces*, Prefect of *Lydia*, the most powerful Satrap of *Asia Minor*, happened then to be at *Miletum*. It was to him *Dionisius* applied himself. As they lived in a good Understanding he took an opportunity of saying to him; 'I entreat you, my Lord, to  
' mingle your Interests with mine. *Mithridates*, that vilest of Men, and who  
' rages with Envy at your Exaltation,  
' after having contracted with me a reciprocation of Hospitality, seeks to invade  
' my dearest Right; he has sent Presents  
' and a Letter to my Wife in order  
' to corrupt her.' Then he produced the Letter.

*Pharnaces* was the readier to side with *Dionisius* in his Quarrel, as there had been frequent Differences between him and

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*Mitbridates*, and besides, he was himself enamoured with *Callirrhoe*. So he promised *Dionisius* all his Interest, and writ to *Artaxerxes* the King, complaining of *Mitbridates*.

*Artaxerxes*, after reading *Pharnaces*'s Letter, assembled his Counsellors. Some of whom were for proceeding against *Mitbridates*, others affirmed that to displace a Man of his known Integrity and Talents, upon such slight Grounds, was not advisable in Policy or Equity. Thus nothing was immediately determined.

Love was the chief Principle of *Artaxerxes*'s Fluctuation, he having heard a great deal of *Callirrhoe*'s Beauty, was very desirous of seeing her. Though *Pharnaces* had not named her in his Letter, the King suspected her to be the Object of those Variances, accordingly determining to send for the Fair one, he writ to *Pharnaces* that *Dionisius* should leave *Miletum* and repair to Court; and to *Mitbridates* he signified, that as there was an Accusation against him for going about to seduce the Wife of *Dionisius*, he must come and justify himself.

This



This Charge surprised *Mitbridates*, as he could not see any Foundation for it. The return of *Higin*, from whom he learnt what had happened to the Slaves, encreased his Uneasiness. In his first Motions, he resolved not to obey the King, but enter *Miletum*, Sword in Hand, kill *Dionisius*, and carry off *Callirrboe*. How can I know, says he, what Malice may have schemed against me? Shall I put into the Power of another, the two things which should be most dear to me, my Love, and my Authority? Nothing worse than this can happen, should I fail in my Enterprize.

Whilst he was thus fluctuating, he received advice that *Dionisius* had left *Miletum* and taken *Callirrboe* with him; on this he determined to comply with *Artaxerxes's* Orders; they opened to him a way of seeing *Callirrboe* again, and filled with the Idea of this Pleasure, he overlooked all Dangers; besides he carried with him *Policarnes* and *Cherea*, who could entirely justify his Proceedure: accordingly he set out with them for *Babylon*.

*Dionisius* had concealed from his Spouse the Occasion of his Journey, lest it might chagrin her, and awaken the Idea of her beloved *Cherea*; it was only as he told her, to be present at a Consultation on the public Affairs of *Ionis*, that the King had sent for him.

The Situation of his Mind was different from that of *Mitbridates*, the latter being inebriated with the imaginary Pleasure of seeing *Callirrhoe* again; *Dionisius* on the contrary, already began to repent of his Revenge. He fancied that every one who saw *Callirrhoe* would be a dangerous Rival, and as *Mitbridates's* Passion gave him no small Anxiety, he no less dreaded the Heart of him to whom the Arbitrage was referred.

*Mitbridates* arriving the first, the Satrap prevailed with *Cherea* to conceal himself till the very Moment of pronouncing Sentence, that his Presence, so very unexpected, might have the greater Effect. Whilst *Dionisius* on his side was no less intent on keeping his Spouse concealed, but from other Motives.

The

The Day, appointed for the Decision of the Affair being come, the Parties made their Appearance before *Artaxerxes*; it was *Dionisius*'s part to bring a Charge against his Adversary; but *Mitbridates* prevented him, addressing himself to the King in these Words, ‘ Sir, if I presume  
 ‘ to speak first, it is not with any intention of acting contrary to the usual Form;  
 ‘ neither do I break Silence from any hasty vindication of myself; all I request, is,  
 ‘ that they who are any wise concerned in the Affair now depending may be  
 ‘ present here. You hold it necessary,  
 ‘ Sir, that *Callirrhoe* should make her  
 ‘ Appearance, let her appear, why does  
 ‘ *Dionisius* smother the Subject of the Arraignment intended against me; *Callirrhoe*,  
 ‘ answered *Dionisius*, is neither Plaintiff nor  
 ‘ Defendant, she neither accuses nor is  
 ‘ accused: had she been seduced, she must  
 ‘ have made her appearance as criminal,  
 ‘ but she was an utter Stranger to the  
 ‘ Snare laid for her; her Evidence here  
 ‘ cannot be of the least weight, from her  
 ‘ Ignorance of the Matter no Evidence  
 ‘ can be expected from her; then where is

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‘ the necessity of her appearing, in a Cause  
‘ where she is only a meer Cypher.’

Though these Reasons of *Dionisius* wanted not weight, yet, as all the Members of the Assembly were passionately desirous of seeing *Callirrhoe*, no regard was paid to them; and it was overruled that she should make her Appearance; now all resources from Equivocation were at an end, and *Dionisius*, who till then, had kept from her the true Reason of his Journey to *Babylon*, was under a necessity of letting her into the real Truth.

Tears rose at the Name of *Cberea*, in the beautiful *Callirrhoe*’s Eyes; her appearance in a public Court of Judicature, also gave her a great deal of Pain, ‘ Is  
‘ there no Misfortune, said she, but I am  
‘ to go through it? now I shall become  
‘ the Talk of all *Asia*; all Eyes will be  
‘ on me; and many affecting things must  
‘ I prepare myself to hear; what Beauty  
‘ I have, amidst other Misfortunes, has  
‘ rendered me the Object of malignant  
‘ Slander; the Daughter of the illustrious  
‘ *Hermocrates* is summoned to appear in  
‘ a Court of Justice, helpless and defamed.’

After



After giving herself up to Grief during the whole Day, she was relieved at Night by a Dream of her being at *Syracuse*, she was going into the Temple of *Venus*, where she meets *Cherea*, every Ceremony of their Marriage was renewed, the public Rejoicings, and the Gratulations of both Families; but as she was throwing her Arms about *Cherea*, her Transports awakened her; *Dionisius* had been up some time, and *Callirrhoe* calling *Plangone*, dressed herself. A certain Foresight of what was to happen to her, had spread an unusual Gaiety on her Face, and *Plangone*, to whom she related her Dream, put a favourable Interpretation on it, and exhorted her to rejoice in it as a happy Augur.

At her Appearance in the Court, the whole Assembly was filled with Admiration; *Mitbridates* himself, felt the whole Power of her Charms, and such was his Rapture and Amazement, that had he been to speak first, he would not have been able to have uttered a consistent Sentence; *Dionisius* began, "I am, said he, *Callirrhoe's* Husband, and so far from being a weak ductile Child, when I married her,

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she was the Widow of one *Cberea*, who has been dead some time, as appears by his Tomb, which is to be seen at *Miletum*. I received *Mitbridates* under my Roof, with friendly Entertainment, he, on the contrary having seen my Wife has endeavoured to seduce her; in order to succeed, he has given out that *Cberea*, her first Husband, is still living, and contrived a false Letter to be delivered to *Callirrhoe* as from her Husband; but the Gods, who detest all Fraud, has caused his Design to be discovered, and *Bias* the worthy Prætor of *Prienne* conveyed to me that pretended Letter; this is the Point, Sir, which is referred to your Wisdom and impartial Judgment, the Proofs I bring are such as *Mitbridates* cannot elude, and either *Cberea* must be living, or he whom I accuse must be convicted as an Adulterer. He cannot so much as pretend that he knew nothing of *Cberea's* Death, for he was present, whilst we were erecting a Tomb for him at *Miletum*." Here *Dionisius* ended, delivering to the King the forged Letter, which *Mitbridates* had intended for *Callirrhoe*.

The

The Indignation which appeared in the Countenance of *Artaxerxes*, did not in the least disconcert *Mitbridates*, Sir, said he, your known Justice will not allow you to condemn me, without a hearing. It is not a Crime committed, but a Crime to be committed, an intentional Crime, which *Dionisius* charges me with; and how does he prove my Intention? He produces a Letter, but how can he prove that Letter to be written by me? it is no other than *Cherea*, who uses his Endeavours to recover *Callirrhoe*; let him accuse *Cherea* of Adultery, I would not advice *Dionisius* to say *Cherea* is Dead, and that I make use of his Name to seduce his Wife; this Aspersion on me will hurt him more than he imagines; *Dionisius*, I profess myself your Friend; I acknowledge your kind Entertainment; and do you also own that you have proceeded unadvisedly in bringing me to this public Indictment; I give you this Advice out of Friendship, and be assured that if you reject it, you will severely repent it, and hurt yourself; I tell you before Hand, you will lose *Callirrhoe*, and it will be seen that you are the Adulterer and not I."

This only animated *Dionisius* to push the Charge with more Heat, till *Mitbridates* brought in *Cherea*. *Cherea* living, cried *Callirrhoe*! and was for flying into his Arms. But *Dionisius* stopped her, and rushing between them hindered their Embraces.

The Emotion which this Scene excited in the Minds of the Spectators exceeds Description. Joy, Astonishment, Compassion, Mistrust, were legible in their several Faces. Some rejoiced in *Cherea*'s Happiness; others congratulated *Mitbridates*, others pitied *Dionisius*, whilst all fluctuated concerning *Callirrhoe*.

The Sight of this Object so passionately beloved by the two Rivals, enflamed them, so that nothing under the King's Presence could have restrained them from violent Measures; with their Tongues they exceeded Decency; I am the most constant, said *Dionisius*; you worthy of *Hermocrates*'s Daughter, answered *Cherea*; more worthy than thou, who art but *Mitbridates*'s Slave, returned the former; thou art an Adulterer, continued *Cherea*, thou withholdest another Man's Wife; thou art a Murderer, replied



replied *Dionisius*, the Murderer of thy own Wife.

This Altercation afforded something of Diversion to the Company, however differently inclined; except to *Callirrhoe*, who, loving *Cberca*, and consequently abashed at her Connection with *Dionisius*, kept her Eyes fixed on the Ground, with all the Signs of Grief and Confusion; at length the King put an end to their licentious Dispute, it is my Part, said he, to take care of the lovely Daughter of *Hermocrates*, as to him I owe the safety of my Empire, by his Defeat of the *Athenians*, those dangerous Enemies; I adjourn the Decision of this Affair for five Days, by which time it is my Order that *Dionisius* and *Cberca* have their Proofs and Evidences ready.

As it did not seem consistent with Equity, or indeed proper, that a Wife contested for by two Husbands, should remain with either, *Artaxerxes* ordered that *Callirrhoe*, should be put into the Hands of his Consort *Statira*, to whom she was conducted by some Eunuchs. *Statira*, who had received no Advice of her coming,

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coming, imagined her at first Sight, to be the Goddess *Venus*, for whom she privately entertained a Veneration, and immediately rose from a Couch, on which she was reposing herself; but *Callirrhoe* making a respectful Inclination of her Body, and the Eunuch informing the Queen, who she was, and on what Account she was brought to her; ‘*Statira* with the most amiable Condescension, said to her, be under no manner of uneasiness Child, the King is known to be a just Prince, and the Husband whom you desire, he will appoint to you; as for the present go and rest yourself, and make yourself quite easy, all will go well with you.’ This short Speech gave *Callirrhoe* the more Satisfaction, as she wanted to be alone. A Curiosity to see *Callirrhoe* now brought all the Court Ladies to the Queen’s Apartment, but *Statira* would not allow her to be disturbed.

This Eagerness for seeing her was increased by Prohibition; but the worst was, that *Artaxerxes* himself came oftner than usual into the Women’s Apartment, under Colour of visiting *Statira*, but in reality to see the fair *Syracusan*; Love had wounded

wounded him so deeply that his Passion, with all his Self-Government, was not to be disguised.

*Dionisius* and *Cherea* were not more tranquil than the tenacious King, both were interdicted the Sight of *Callirrhoe*, and their uncertainty concerning her real Sentiments, and other Circumstances, kept them continually on the Rack.

This Adventure was the talk in all Companies, they who sided with *Cherea*, said, he is the first Husband, he married her in her Youth, and at a Time when they were both enamoured with each other; *Dionisius* has neither bought her nor married her, for they were Robbers who sold her, and a free Person is not to be bought and sold. On the other Hand, *Dionisius's* Friends urged, he delivered her out of the Hands of Pyrates, with whom her Life was in Danger, and after saving her, to compleat her Happiness married her; whereas *Cherea* after marrying her, endeavoured to kill her, and did kill her as he thought: thus argued the Men, the Women we may be sure were not silent in a Case chiefly relating to one of their Sex; they advised

*Callirrhoe*

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*Callirrhoe* as if she had been present, one was for having her stand to her first Engagement; another that she should remain with her Benefactor by whom she had a Son.

Every Body impatiently waited for the Decision of this Affair, but the Queen more than any other; the Beauty of *Callirrhoe* began to give her Umbrage, and her Sollicitudes were in no wise diminished by the King's frequent Visits. She had more than once surpris'd the King's Eyes turned towards *Callirrhoe*, on whom a natural Motion seemed to fix them.

The Eve of this long expected Day at length came, but to *Artaxerxes* it was a restless Night; the approaching loss of *Callirrhoe* made known to him the Vehemence of his Passion; "Why, said he, did I make the Adjournment so short, what will become of me To-morrow? whether it be for *Miletum*, or *Syracuse*, still *Callirrhoe* leaves this Place; an Hour is all the time that remains for me to see her, and after that Hour there is not a Slave, where Life is at my command, who is not happier than me; but shall not



I prolong a Decision, the bare Thought of which plants Daggers in my Heart."

*Artaxerxes* calling out, ordered that the Eunuch *Artaxates* should be instantly sent for; "Our Country Gods, said he, have appeared to me this Night, and have enjoined me to offer them a solemn Sacrifice, go, and in my Name, proclaim a Festival forty Days throughout all my Dominions; with a Cessation of all public Affairs.

This Festival which spread Joy through the whole Country, threw *Dionisius*, *Cberaa* and *Callirrboe* into the deepest Affliction; the two Competitors saw through this Disguise of Devotion, they surmised that they had a new Rival, and him the most formidable; if this Rival caused them so much Grief, he himself was not in a much more happy State; nothing could abate the Fire which preyed on him, and increased by his Silence and Constraint. In the end he was obliged to give it vent, and to *Artaxates*, as of approved Fidelity, he confided the Secret of his Flame. "Why not gratify your Passion, my Lord, says this Eunuch, *Callirrboe* is not married, and it is a Widow whom you love.

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love. As long as she is not engaged, no one has any right to complain that you injure them; who shall pretend to condemn your Inclination? You seek a Remedy for the violence of your Desires; there is no other but to gratify them. I only wait your Commands. Well go, says *Artaxerxes* to him, and fetch me *Callirrhoe*; but let it be entirely of her own Accord that she comes, and mind, that though I consent you may persuade her, I will have no Deceit.

*Artaxates* withdrew, elate at being the Instrument of a Commission, which he imagined led to the highest Preferment; thought he like an Eunuch, like a Man debased, a mercenary Slave? to him the magnanimous Frankness of the *Greeks* was as little known as *Callirrhoe's* Love for her Husband; with him it was no Question but his Message would meet with immediate Compliance.

Having taken *Callirrhoe* aside, I come said he, as the Messenger of the greatest Happiness to you, and I hope my Service will not go without Acknowledgements from you; *Callirrhoe* imagining that she

was

was to be restored to her dear *Cherea*, immediately answered with great Joy, that he should be well rewarded for the News he brought; but when he came to explain himself more at large, and in pompous Terms signified to her, the Passion of the mighty *Artaxerxes* for her, the Sorrow she felt, was greater than her former Joy. Her first impulse was, that of Indignation towards *Artaxates*; but Prudence interfereing, she answered, with a feigned Composure, I am not so void of Sense as to think myself worthy of the almighty King of the *Persians*, I entreat you never again speak of me to him. He certainly will make his Resentment fall heavy on you, for going about to subject the Sovereign Lord of the World to a Slave of *Dionisius*; I am quite amazed, that a Man of your Sense and Experience should be so little acquainted with the King's Humanity, as not to see that such an unfortunate Creature as I am, can only be the Object of his Compassion and not of his Love. At these Words she withdrew, and left the Eunuch in the deepest Astonishment; as in a Govern-  
ment

ment so despotic as that under which he lived, he little conceived there was any thing impossible, not only to the King, but to himself, who was only one of his Ministers, and not of the highest Authority or best beloved.

Now he dreaded making the Report to *Artaxerxes* of his Miscarriage, but having discovered *Callirrhoe's* Affection for *Cherea*, it put him upon another Course. "Take care, said he, in a second Conference, which she was obliged to have with him, that your Denial do not cost *Cherea* his Life; do you think that our great King can bear to be slighted, and especially that a Slave should be preferred before him?" Though *Callirrhoe* was not overcome with these Menaces, they terrified her so, that it was feared she would have taken some desperate Measures, had not Fortune, which had hitherto seemed to take a delight in persecuting her, at once desisted from its Enmity.

At the time, when *Artaxerxes* was pushing his amorous Pursuits, with an Ardour which gave the most terrible Anxiety to the beloved Object, as likewise



wife to *Dionisius* and *Cherea*, an Express arrives at Court, that the *Egyptians*, after massacring the *Persian* Governor and all his great Officers, had set up a King of their own, that this new Prince had left *Memphis*, and like an encreasing Torrent was overrunning *Syria* and *Phœnicia*. As this was an Evil which required a speedy Remedy, *Artaxerxes* found himself obliged to suspend his Love, and put himself at the Head of his Army; all the Satraps then at *Babylon* were to attend him; *Dionisius* was one of the most forward in availing himself of this Opportunity to ingratiate himself: for besides his natural Valour, he hoped that some signal Service performed to *Artaxerxes*, would turn the Scale in his Favour, and procure him *Callirrhoe*, whom in his Heart he preferred to Loyalty or Glory.

It is customary among the *Persians*, for the King and the Grandees of the Nation, to carry with them to the Wars their Wives, their Children, their Slaves, and every thing that's valuable, as an Incentive to Courage; *Callirrhoe* being under the Protection of *Statira*, of course followed the King  
and

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and quitted *Babylon*. She flattered herself that *Cberea* himself would not remain inactive, and that the War might produce something in their Favour.

*Cberea* in the mean time, who staid in *Babylon*, not knowing that *Callirrhoe* had left it, saw with a mistaken Pleasure, the Departure of *Artaxerxes*; full of the sweet Idea that he should find more easy Access to her, who was the Object of his Adoration; he several times went to the Palace Gates, but in vain, every Part was closely shut, besides a strict Guard, and what gave the finishing Stroke to his Despair, was that a Slave of *Dionisius* told him, with an Air of insolent Triumph, that the King had given his Master a Commission to raise Troops, and to encourage his Zeal, had restored *Callirrhoe* to him, and would maintain him in the Possession of that Lady against all Rivals. This the Slave had said by Instruction from *Dionisius*, who expected that *Cberea* having no Hopes left, would give over his Opposition against a Competitor of such growing Power, and make the best of his way Home, whilst he was safe.

Accord-

Accordingly, this Falsity affected *Cherea* to that Degree, that without the generous and affectionate Exhortation of his old Friend *Policarnes*, he had put an end to his Life, “ Unfortunate, but worthy *Cherea*, said he, I cannot blame your Despair, and if you quit Life, I am ready to follow you, but, at least let our Death contribute to revenge us of the King’s Injustice. *Egypt* is revolted, the Enemies of this Empire have already mastered *Phœnicia*, and are advancing into *Syria*, let us go over to them, and we need not doubt of Preferment; thus we shall promote our Revenge, and at the same time, the Deliverance of an oppressed People.

*Cherea* acknowledged his Friend’s superior Wisdom, they left *Babylon*, and after accompanying the royal Army for some Days, took an Opportunity of hastening forwards to the Camp of the *Egyptians*. Here being stopt by the out Guards, they desired to be carried before the King, to whom, *Cherea* with a calm Resolution addressed himself, “ We are *Greeks*, Natives of *Syracuse* and nobly descended, this Person  
who

who accompanies me is my Friend, and on my Account came to *Babylon*; the End of my coming was, for my Wife, the Daughter of *Hermocrates*, that Name cannot be unknown to you; you must certainly have heard of that glorious Warriour, who gave the proud *Athenians* such a signal Defeat at Sea; *Artaxerxes*, has acted towards me in the most tyrannical Manner, and with equal Ignominy to himself." Then relating some recent Occurrences in the *Persian* Court, he concluded with a tender of his Services to the *Egyptians*.

The King accepted them, and *Cherea* soon shewed himself deserving of the royal Favour, by his Intrepidity and Address; the City of *Tyre*, was the only Place remaining in *Phœnicia* to be subdued, and of such Importance, that it was dangerous to leave it behind, but on the other Hand, its extraordinary Strength left little Hopes of carrying it; *Cherea*, seeing that the Council of War was against undertaking the formal Siege of it, requested the King's leave to make an Attempt on the Place. This being granted, he took one thousand



two hundred *Greeks*, which formed a particular Corps in his Army, and partly by a well seconded Stratagem, made himself Master of that opulent City.

*Artaxerxes* on the disagreeable News of the loss of *Tyre*, put his Army to forced Marches, leaving on the Banks of the *Euphrates*, the aged, the Women and every other Impediment to Expedition, ordered them to be transported to the Island of *Arcado*, lying three hundred Stades from the Continent; thither also as to a Place of Safety, the Queen and her whole Court retired; this Kind of Flight increased *Callirrhoe's* Grief, as it seemed to remove her farther from her dear *Cberea*. In this Island was an ancient Temple of *Venus* to which she went, and poured forth her Complaints to that Deity, under whose Auspices she and *Cberea* had been joined in Marriage.

In the mean time, the *Egyptian* King, receiving Intelligence that *Artaxerxes* was coming upon him, and attack him by Land and Sea, sent for *Cberea*; hitherto, said the King, it has not been in my Power duly to recompense your important Services,

Services, but now I hope the Enemy himself will give me an Opportunity; this Day in defending my Conquests, think that you defend your own Possessions, *Egypt* is sufficient for me, *Syria* I confer on you, and now chuse whether you will command by Sea or Land." *Cherea*, as it appeared most agreeable to the *Egyptian* Prince, put himself at the Head of the Fleet, taking with him his *Greeks*, as Men of approved Courage; though his Departure had an ill Effect on the Soldiery, who idolised him for his Courage and Benevolence. On the same Day the two Nations engaged by Sea and Land, the *Egyptians* after no very vigorous Resistance, were broke by the *Persians* and *Medes*, that the King himself could not bring them a second time to the Charge. *Dionisius*, who had greatly signalized himself under his Sovereign's Eye, compleated his Services that Day, by pursuing the *Egyptian* Prince, who seeing no Means of escape fell on his Sword, and *Dionisius* carried his Head to *Artaxerxes*.

This Prince received the Mark of his complete Victory with the highest Pleasure.

sure, and among other Recompences of *Dionisus's* Valour he promised to deliver up to him *Callirrhoe*, whom he owned to be the most valuable Offering, which he could make, yet not too great to a Man of his Merit. *Dionisus* prostrating himself before *Artaxerxes*, fervently thanked him for a Gift, which was no longer in that Prince's Power to bestow.

The *Persians* were very far from meeting with that Success on the Water, which had crowned their Arms on the Land; *Cherea* totally defeating them, and after the Action sailing to the Island of *Arcado* to refresh his People, all who had chosen that Place as an Asylum became his Prisoners. Full of the melancholy Persuasion that the King had delivered up *Callirrhoe* to *Dionisus*, he little imagined her to be in his Power, and by this Ignorance of his Happiness, he very probably would have missed of the most welcome Reward of his Victory; had not *Callirrhoe* discovered herself by the Excesses of her disconsolate Grief.

She had protested that she would die sooner than fall into the Hands of the

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Conqueror; this desperate Resolution being reported to *Cberea*, raised in him a Curiosity to see a Woman of such high Spirit; he repaired to the Place where she kept herself. At first he did not know her, her Head being covered, and reclined to the Ground. He approached her, and addressing her in the softest Terms "Whoever you are, said he to her, do thus not give yourself up to Sorrow, no Violence shall be offered you, and you shall be reunited to the Husband you seek." *Callirrhoe*, discovering her Spouse by his well known Voice, immediately unveiled. *Cberea! Callirrhoe!* cried they, both at the same time, with Eyes expressing similar Emotions, and locked in each other's Arms, they could scarcely believe their Happiness real. Is it really thou, *Cberea?* said one, and the other, Do I see my *Callirrhoe?* It was soon spread abroad that the Admiral had met with his Wife among the *Persian* Prisoners, and now vast Crouds gathered to see this amiable Lady, rejoicing in the Happiness of their beloved Commander.

*Callirrhoe*



*Callirrhoe*, being entered with *Cberca* into the King's Palace at *Arcado*, as it is the Custom of the *Persian* Monarchs, to have a Mansion in all their Towns and Islands, she related to him every Thing that happened to her in the Tomb. How *Theron* had carried her away, her Voyage in his Vessel, and how she had been sold; but when she came to the Circumstance of her Connection with *Dionisius*, she was silent; not without *Cberca*'s feeling some strictures of Jealousy on the Occasion; but she soon dissipated all his Trouble, telling him the Dream she had, and the absolute Necessity of that Step, to save the Life of their Infant.

*Cberca* receiving in the Night, the unwelcome Account of the Defeat of the *Egyptian* Land Forces, judged it not advisable to face *Artaxerxes*; and having reimbarked, he made towards *Cyprus*, as if he intended the Conquest of it. Thence he sailed for *Paphos*, where he imparted first to the Officers, and afterwards to the Soldiers, the overthrow of their Companions. A party of those whom he commanded, consented to follow him to *Syracuse*, and the

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others

others he put in a way to obtain the King's Favour; restoring to this Prince *Statira* and all the Prisoners taken at *Arcado*. He sent by the Queen a Letter to *Artaxerxes*, complaining that his Partiality and delay of Justice had obliged him to take up Arms against him. *Callirrhoe* conceiving that something was due to *Dionisius's* great Generosity to her, sent a kind Letter to him, thanking him for the Honour done her, and requested him to send her Son to *Syracuse*, and that he might live with his real Father.

The return of the Queen to *Arcado*, filled *Artaxerxes* and his whole Court with Joy. *Dionisius* alone was plunged in Grief, and *Callirrhoe's* Request to send her Son to her, not a little encreased it. He took the Infant in his Arms, and embracing it with Tendernefs: "Yes, my Child says he to it, thou shalt follow thy Mother since she so requires, whilst I betake myself to Solitude and Melancholy, I do not charge my Misfortunes on her, as I alone have been the wretched Author of them. It was my unhappy Jealousy that brought me to *Babylon*."

Whilst

Whilst these things were passing at *Arcado*, *Cherea* made the best of his way to *Syracuse*, whither he soon arrived; but when he first came in sight of the Port, the number of his Ships filled the City with Consternation, lest the *Athenians* should be paying them another Visit.

*Hermocrates* went to the *Pharos* to take a View of them: *Cherea* willing to agreeably surprise his Countrymen, kept out of Sight, and gave Orders to one of the *Egyptians* to answer a Messenger, who was coming from the *Prætor*, that they were *Egyptian* Merchants, who had brought to *Syracuse* Commodities that they hoped would be acceptable to the Inhabitants.

They were told to enter the Harbour one after another, lest they might come on any bad Design. The Ship *Cherea* was in, entered first. He had erected on the Deck a rich Pavillion, concealed by Curtains; which engaged the general Attention, and raised a thousand Conjectures. On a sudden the Curtains were drawn, and discovered on a Bed embroidered with Gold, *Callirrhoe* in a purple Robe, lying by *Cherea's* Side; the Raptures of the

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People at this unexpected Sight are not to be described. *Hermocrates* and *Ariston* were transported with Joy, they wept, they embraced their Children, and they clasp them in their Arms. These also embrace their Parents, their Friends, and even those they knew not, but who took part in the universal Joy. The People croud about the happy Pair, who could not refuse to gratify the affectionate Curiosity of their fellow Citizens, in the recital of their Adventures.

The Crowd being dispersed, the rest of the Vessels enter the Harbour. *Cberea* assigned Lands to those who had followed him, and shared with them the Spoils of the *Persians*. As for *Callirrboe* she went to the Temple of *Venus*, before she entered her Husband's House, and prostrating herself at the Feet of the Goddess, offered up a Petition to her, that she might never more be separated from *Cberea*. To complete their Happiness, *Dionisius* sent them their Son, and this dear Pledge strengthened the Bands of this suitable Union. He became the Joy and Glory of his illustrious Family.

EFFORTS





E F F O R T S

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L O V E

A N D

F R I E N D S H I P ;

O R,

SPANISH and PORTUGUESE  
Anecdotes.

**P**ORTUGAL degenerated from the  
brave Ferocity of the *Lusitanians*,  
was tamely groaning under the *Spanish*  
Yoke, without the least Appearance of  
that Revolution, which restored Liberty  
and the *Braganza* Family; in this igno-

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minious Juncture it was, when the Duke of *Lerma* made his Entrance into *Lisbon* as Vice-Roy.

Among the young Gentlemen, who from the Connection of Blood or the Expectation of Preferment, attended him on this Occasion, was Don *Pedro de Que-  
reo*, whose Birth, though not publickly known, could not be doubted of by any, who observed the particular Favour shewn him on all occasions by the Vice-Roy; yet was this advantageous Situation less than his singular Merit, which gained Don *Pedro* the Love and Esteem of the *Portuguese*.

He was of easy Access, and extremely amiable in his Conversation, the Sweetness of his Countenance corresponded with his Deportment; the Dignity of his Manners was easy, without the least Taint of Superciliousness, or Pride; he studied to gratify all who applied to him; he watched himself that no private Dissatisfaction, no cross Occurrence might bring a Fit of Impatience or Peevishness on his Temper. To him may well be applied the Character given by the *Roman* His-  
torian

torian of the Emperor *Tiberius's* Mother, a most glorious Woman, who in all her Conduct, resembled more than a human Creature; never using her Power but for the relief of the Distressed or advancement of the Deserving.

This amiable Behaviour, this active Benignity made the *Portuguese* forget that he was a *Spaniard*, loving him as if he had been one of their most valuable Countrymen.

Of all who sought his Acquaintance, few would have been more capable of carrying their Friendship so far as Count *Bertrand del Ormes*; he was nearly of the same Age of *Don Pedro Quereo*; which, at first, might not a little tend to create an Intimacy, but without an agreement of Dispositions, it would have wanted Cement. *Don Bertrand* was also affable, modest and obliging, the Elevation of his Birth, and the Brillancy of his Fortune, he seemed to have no other sense of, than as great Obligations to distinguish himself by a virtuous and honourable Behaviour.

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The Rank which Don *Laurentio*, his Father, held in *Lisbon*, obliged him to be every Day at Court. The Sympathy natural to generous Minds, immediately worked on Don *Bertrand* and Don *Pedro*, that they had little trouble in seeking each other's Acquaintance; both eagerly closed in such an Union, that they were never more happy, than when together.

The Public itself felt the Benefits of this Connection, Don *Bertrand* easily induced Don *Pedro* to ask Favours for the *Portuguese*, and the Vice-Roy could not withstand the Intercessions of Don *Pedro* for mitigating the Severity of the *Spanish* Government, and procuring the Consent of the Council of *Madrid*, to some moderate Measures, which at the same time, fixed its Superiority on a more solid Foundation, as it abated the Apprehensions of the People, and brought them to a quiet Acquiescence to a foreign Government, naturally odious.

As seeing these two remarkable Friends together, was a pleasing Sight, they were always invited together; they might be called the two 'Men of the  
'People,'



‘ People,’ one, the Channel of its Remonstrances to the Court, the other that of the Court Favours to the People; so intent were they on promoting the public Happiness and the Contentment of Individuals, that the Adoration, as I may call it, which was every where paid to them, proceeded from the pure overflowings of Gratitude, in which all sense of Interest was drowned. At the first Appearance of any public Evil, they prevented Application, by their expedition in checking its Progress. On information of any worthy Person in Distress, they immediately caused Enquiry to be made, and relieved him as the Case required.

In the mean time Don *Bertrand*’s Father paid the last awful Debt to Nature, an Event which could not but afflict a Person of his Temper; he was not like most young Gentlemen, elate with the Thoughts of living in independance; his Father, instead of treating him with a restrictive Authority, had descended to the level of an intimate Friend. He had gained, not subdued his Son’s Heart. He had used Don *Bertrand* to an affectionate Respect;  
void

void of Fear, which is seldom without Hatred; a thousand times had the Son viewed the Father with deep Concern, his Age indicating his approaching Dissolution.

The great Possessions, of which by this Death he became sole Inheritor, afforded him little Consolation. They were no less his whilst Don *Laurentio* lived; and his Intention being neither to waste nor hoard them, his having them in his own Hands, was not so much an Advantage as a Trouble, of which his Father till then had eased him. He was for a long time overwhelmed with this Loss. He appeared in no Places of resort, and though he did not relax in his Attention to promote the good of his Countrymen, he joined in none of their Diversions. Don *Pedro de Quereo*, by an Act of Heroism in Friendship, which would have done Honour to the so much vaunted Ages of Antiquity, likewise abstained from the Entertainments with which he was surrounded, and even quitted his Apartments in the Palace, to lodge with Don *Bertrand de Ormes*, in order the better

to

to divert him from a Remembrance which he laid too much to Heart; and without urging him to a sudden Transition from Dejection to Hilarity, which would have been, as it were an Insult, to so just a Grief, he comforted him by an affectionate sympathy; whereas the want of Skill in many who came to visit him, the Indiscretion of the Compliments paid him on his vast Fortune, the presumptuous Overtures of Matches, and many other such unseasonable Procedures only made his Wounds bleed afresh.

At length Don *Pedro's* kind Offices got the better of his Friend's obstinate Grief; and to the general Joy, Don *Bertrand* reassumed the former tenour of his Life; about this time it was that Donna *Flora*, Daughter to the Marquis *Mello*, great Huntsman of *Portugal*, made her Appearance in the World. She had all the Charms of the imaginary Goddess, which Antiquity worshipped by that Name. Youth was the least of her Attractives, she had received from Nature, besides her regularity and symmetry of Features, that inexpressible Air which animates every other Charm.

Charm. Admiration is often all that is bestowed on Beauty, whilst Prettyness runs away with our Love. Both were united in *Flora*, she was admired and loved; there was no seeing her without being equally affected by both Passions.

The first time Don *Bertrand* saw this dawning Beauty, he was alone, Don *Pedro*'s Duty having detained him longer than usual near the Vice-Roy; and his Friend, ashamed of a Passion, the Success of which was uncertain, concealed it from him, purely as desirous, if possible, to conceal it from himself. This Dissimulation however sat uneasy on him, as a Defect in Friendship, and he determined to disclose the agitated State of his Heart. Don *Pedro* since his Friend's silent Flame, had seen *Flora* more than once, but without taking any particular Notice of her, as if it had been the Appointment of his Destiny, that he, of whom he was involuntarily to become the Rival, should be the Instrument of his viewing her with that Attention which produced Love. The Count *de Ormes* acquainting him with the Impression which the lovely  
*Flora*



*Flora* had made on him, he was for seeing her again, when a thousand Charms blazed on him, which before he had not in the least observed; he soon was aware of what passed within him, and as a Punishment for his Weakness, he shewed no manner of Admiration, he affected even a Coldness and resolved to engage *Don Bertrand* to enter on a formal Courtship. For this the *Portuguese* himself furnished him with an Opportunity. At coming out of the Assembly, where *Flora* was, he asked him what he thought of her? the *Spaniard* complimented him on his nice Taste, and this was the more sincere, it being also a Compliment to himself.

It gives me exceeding Pleasure said the Count *de Ormes* to *Don Pedro*, that you do not censure my Affections; and I am still more concerned that I should have concealed it a Minute from you; what an Honour does my Choice receive from your Approbation, I look upon this as a farther and very noble Homage which I procure to *Flora*.

But tell me frankly, dear *Don Pedro*, though you may think her worthy of the  
highest

highest Love, can you clear my Love of Rashness and Presumption? Do you think she will shew any Regard to me? don't flatter me, I entreat you, I love, I adore the beautiful *Flora*, but as yet I can suppress my Designs towards her, and condemn myself never to see her, rather than give her any Uneasiness by my Addresses.

Don *Pedro*, desirous of cutting off all Hopes from himself, though he had but slightly observed the Sentiments of the irresistible *Flora* towards his Friend, for fear of viewing her Person too attentively, answered without the least Hesitation, Improve what I have seen, I will insure you Success. Can you stand in any need of Advice here? do you consider how much you wrong her whom you profess to love, by supposing that your Merit is a Matter of Indifference to her? She is certainly the most accomplished Person of her Sex, and are not you the most distinguished Flower of the *Portuguese* Nobility? In a Word, you both deserve, and are both made for one another. So my dear Don *Bertrand*, confidently make the Demand,

Demand, and should you meet with any check, in following my Advice, I will forfeit your Friendship; and I know nothing I value more.

After thus encouraging the Count *de Ormes*, Don *Pedro* determined to avoid every Place where *Flora* should happen to be. This was a Remedy, indeed, which he flattered himself would soon master his Disease, his Love seemed to him only a Spark which the least Breath would put out; and this Resolution he observed with a firm Perseverance; visiting the Count *de Ormes* and receiving Visits from him, with the usual Frequency and Joy; but went abroad no where with him, that he might not meet her whom he avoided.

During some time he was not at a Loss for specious Pretences to colour over this Change of Behaviour; the Progresses of his Friend's Courtship he never omitted enquiring after, and could have wished they had been more rapid, as thus his Conflicts would have then soon terminated in a settled Victory. But the more inamoured Don *Bertrand* was, the more ground Timidity gained on him; he would gaze,  
sigh

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figh and bow, in reverential silence where a Chearfulness and Vivacity were most proper; he was a singular Instance, that the nature of Love was well known to the Poet; who says,

Anger in hasty Words or Blows,  
Itself discharges on our Foes;  
And Sorrow too finds some Relief  
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:  
So every Passion but fond Love  
Unto its own Redress does move;  
But that alone, the Wretch inclines  
To what prevents his own Designs;  
Makes him lament and sigh and weep,  
Disorder'd tremble, fawn and creep:  
Postures, which render him despis'd  
Where he endeavours to be pris'd.

Don *Pedro* had in vain endeavoured to convince him of his Happiness, but he, fearful of being too forward in his Declaration, was inclined that his Behaviour should make the first Intimations; and now a whole Month had elapsed, without his speaking a single Word to *Flora* about his Passion, yet was he very pressing with Don *Pedro*, to give him his Company when he went abroad.

Your



Your Behaviour towards me, says he to him one Day, is downright Coldness, it is the Talk of all *Lisbon*, and I cannot fathom it. As you very kindly sacrificed your Pleasures to my Affliction, why will you not share in my Diversions? You have long enough pleaded Business, and which I can but look on to be imaginary, as our Friendship gave me some right to your Confidence; this does not very well square with our mutual Promises, that our Joys and Sorrows should be in common; do you think that the Drift of my Friendship was only that you should keep me company in my Melancholy? Do you imagine that your Assistance is less necessary to me in my Happiness? But what say I, if you are for sharing only my Disquietudes? Come then, let me pour them forth into your sympathising Bosom; after all you have said about the favourable Dispositions of my adorable Charmer, I am under extreme Uneasiness, lest you should be mistaken in your Conjectures. Those Sentiments must be very strongly marked or very incautious which are discovered at the first

first Sight, if those which you thought to have perceived in the lovely *Flora*, were real they should have encreased: How can you be said to love me, if you are under no Concern whether it be so; you indeed inquire of me, but can I inform you, what I know nothing of the Matter; now, neither my Reason nor my Eyes are my own, I am in want of yours; were not your Friendship something cooled, you would not refuse me those kind Offices which I earnestly request, and of which, in a like Case, I should have made an offer to you without staying to be asked. I can bear with no longer Delays; either my Passion must be made known to the lovely *Mello*, or I must avoid her; either I must secure to myself the Possession of that Treasure, or give over exposing myself to those Looks, which will infallibly cost me my Life, should I defer it till that remainder of Fortitude, which I think is still in me, be extinct.

Come, my dear Don *Pedro*, determine my Fate, I would much rather be mistaken in the Indifference of *Flora*, than in any supposed Inclination for me; I cannot  
bear

bear the Thoughts of the Uneasiness I should give her by a Step which she should disapprove of.

Is it possible, my dear *Don Bertrand*, replied *Don Pedro*, that you are got no further? What have you not yet talked over the Affair with *Donna Flora* herself.

Talked over the Affair! replied his Friend; to look at her, is as much as I dare. I have sometimes approached her, and suddenly found myself at a Loss what to say; or rather my Mind disordered by the Croud of Ideas, was unable to select any, and the violent Heat of my Heart may be said to have frozen my Tongue.

However, said the *Spaniard*, without this Step, you will always labour under Incertitude. Fearful as you are, my seeing the same things over again, and assuring you of them, would be to no purpose; you would believe them no more than you have. Well, my dear *Don Pedro*, replied the enamoured *Portuguese*; pity me as an helpless Wretch; if left to myself I know not what will become of me. To declare my Love, is what I absolutely have not Spirit to do; let me receive a  
Kindness

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Kindness which I am unable to perform for myself. This Day my adorable *Flora* is to be at the Marquis *de Villa-real's*, I request of you to be there, lay open to her what you know of my Sentiments, exert that persuasive Faculty of which you are such an inimitable Master, remember that by Friendship we two are made one, put yourself in my stead; imagine the Affliction, the despair of a Miscarriage in such a Juncture,

Friendship, of itself a holy Tye,  
Is made more sacred by Adversity.

may that Idea add in Spirit the natural Power of your graceful Elocution.

The impatient Don *Bertrand de Ormes* little thought what perturbation he was exciting in the agitated Mind of Don *Pedro de Quereo*; he was sensible of his not being sufficiently cured to venture on acting such a difficult part for a Rival; he had voluntarily laboured to extinguish his Flame, but never expected to be obliged to injure himself in the Service of another; it was indeed his Friend, but was he to destroy himself to serve a Friend.



Friend. On the other hand, what warrant had he for thus exposing himself to such a manifest Danger, a Danger which might shake his Firmness, and then instead of serving Don *Bertrand*, would not his Passion naturally prompt him to act counter to his Friend's Request; this was what he dreaded still more than the Sacrifice of his Sentiments, whose Vehemence was far from being extinguished.

It gives me inexpressible Pain to refuse you, answered he, but until some Days hence, I cannot go into Company, there are Reasons of the greatest Weight that will confine me at Court; I beg you will do me the Justice to believe, that my Friendship suffers extremely by this unreasonable Necessity of declining your Commission.

Did you know the present State of my Heart, you would not be a little concerned, at least, not take my Excuse amiss; but if, as I do not wonder at it, you are so impatient to know Donna *Flora's* Dispositions, commit your Affair to one of your Relations, there is the Count *de Amamat*, Don *Emanuel*, and Don *Fernand*,  
it

it is even more natural to employ them in an Affair of this nature, than me who am a Foreigner.

Enough, Don *Pedro*, replied Don *Bertrand*, I have done asking you any thing; this, I wish you had frankly owned, and you had a right to it; hitherto you have been doing every thing for me, without my having ever made any return; to be sure, all the Burden of our Connection is not to lye on you. I can't much blame you, and after all, the Commission in question may not be reconcileable with your nicety, it was quite out of my Mind, that perhaps I debased you, and was putting you upon something very much beneath your Rank, and the distinguished Degree of Favour you stand in with the Vice-Roy. Forgive me, but this Mistake I was led into from the warmth of my own Heart, which would not have stuck at such Offices for you; and I judged of you by myself. You are at your Liberty to refuse me, but do not refer me to the Zeal of others, can you think they will come into a Request which you reject; you was my constant Companion in my Days of Retirement

ment and mourning; if you think it misbecomes you to deliver the Message of my Love, who can I lay any Stress on? Your Friendship seems to depend on my Sorrows, you never shew me any Love but in Affliction, you appear to have no sense of my Joys; besides you are the only Person to whom my Secret is known, all that I now ask you, is, that you would forget it. Your Objections are too mortifying an Augur to me to persist in my Intention. I was for owing the Success of it to you, that would have heightened its Relish; to be denied by my Relations is what I shall not expose myself to. Donna *Flora* possibly may reject my Love, and they are not the Confidants that I should chuse under such Misery. There is an end of it, as Don *Pedro* is no more my Friend, whatever Love might have in reserve for me I renounce, it can be no equivalent to my Loss.

At this Don *Bertrand de Ormes* rose up hastily to go out, but his Friend, starting up, withheld him. You are too hasty in your Suspicions, said he to the *Portuguese*, and quite misinterpret my Excuses;

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I hoped that you knew me better, and that you would not charge with injustice a Refusal which, dared I tell you the Reasons, would seem but too cogent; but come what will, let Friendship triumph, I am now disposed to gratify you. Yet, for your own sake, let me prevail with you, to stay a few Days, until my Mind be more easy and disencumbered.

The Count *de Ormes* was now too well pleased not to comply with the Respite demanded; and this time Don *Pedro* employed in fortifying himself afresh, against the Charms of the divine *Mello*. Reflecting on the Duties of Friendship, the Illusion of the most brilliant worldly Prospects, and the many Advantages of Celibacy; till at the Expiration of a Week Don *Bertrand* reminded him of his Promise, and Don *Pedro* affecting no Objections, they both went together to the Duke *d'Aveiro's*, where all Donna *Flora's* Family was to be.

The *Spaniard* soon repented of the Commission with which he had charged himself; the first Sight of *Flora* instantaneously kindled in him more Love than he had  
been



been able to extinguish during his six Weeks of Recess. However he would not fail his Friend, though he feared that his Disorder would betray the true Reasons of his former Refusal. In fine, he had such a Command over himself, that he served Don *Bertrand* beyond his Hopes.

From Donna *Flora*, he learned all that he had conjectured; that the Count *de Ormes* might confidently visit her; that his Sighs and respectful Behaviour had been favourably taken notice of; that he might speak to the Marquis *de Mello*, and that the Daughter's Consent should shew something beyond the coldness of Obedience; he had never positively flattered himself, that he had a Title to Preference above his Friend, yet so positive a Declaration of the lovely *Flora's* Sentiments stunned him, as something very little expected. He stole suddenly from the Company, and on his return to his Apartment in the Palace, disordered with the excessive Violence which he had put on himself, he retired to his Bed. A Fever came on, and in this Condition he

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was soon visited by his Friend; who, uneasy at the Cause of his going away so hastily, as likewise about the Success of his Negotiation, came to be satisfied in both.

Don *Pedro de Quereo* passing over his first Question, punctually satisfied him in the other part; and urged him briskly to improve the propitious Inclinations of his kind Mistress; but how was he surprised when Don *Bertrand de Ormes*, who had let him go on without Interruption, told him, that he no longer thought of it, nor ever would.

A sudden Change indeed, replied Don *Pedro*, allow me to tell you this is a very capricious Procedure, how shall I be looked on? Was that Commission, which I had first declined, obtruded on me only to expose me? What will the lovely *Flora* think of me? What she will think of you is no question, how has she deserved such a severe Insult? I no sooner tell you, that perhaps you love her less than she loves you, when you determine to have nothing to say to her; what could possibly be your Drift to urge me with  
such

such warmth to go to her, and lay before her, the Ardour of your Passion? Really, dear Don *Bertrand* these are unaccountable Measures.

At present, said the Count *de Ormes*, I shall not answer you; and even I leave you for a while; you have no need of any additional Agitations, take my Word for it, you shall soon see me again, and receive from me those Services, which you have a right to expect, not only from my Friendship, but my Gratitude; then hastily went away without hearing Don *Pedro*, who was for replying in order to bring on an *Eclaircissement* of the Mystery, which had put him into no small Ferment.

Don *Bertrand* from his Friend's Apartment passed through the Palace into that of the Vice-Roy, whom, by a very unusual good Fortune, he found alone; my Lord, says he, I come to inform you that Don *Pedro* has betaken himself to his Bed. This, he could wish might not reach your Excellency's Ears, lest you should be alarmed for an Indisposition, which, he thinks, will be soon over;

but I who think that he requires a speedy Relief, think it also my Duty to lay his Case before your Excellency. Don *Bertrand*, answered the Duke *de L'erma*, I take this kindly, and the Friendship Don *Pedro* bears to you, deserves no less; but this Disorder has taken him very suddenly, I thought he had been at the Duke *d'Aveiro's* Assembly. Yes, my Lord, answered the generous *Portuguese*, and there it was that he caught his Distemper; I observed him, and dare aver that it proceeds from the Beauty of Donna *Flora de Mello*. It is about two Months since he first saw her; and coming to hear that she is beloved by a Native of this City, for whom it seems, she also has some inclination, he wisely avoided her, and perhaps had forgotten her; when To-day, unfortunately meeting with her at the Duke's, his Wounds seemed to have opened again with extreme Violence; I saw him in talk with her, and immediately he withdrew so abruptly, that there must be the Source of his Disorder, at least I wish so, that his Cure may be the easier; for it is very improbable, that  
the



the Wishes of a young Gentleman so amiable in himself, and whom your Excellency honours with a particular Favour, should meet with any Opposition. I farther beg your Excellency's leave to be in my Friend's Apartment, all the time my Services may be necessary to him.

Don *Bertrand* immediately returned to Don *Pedro*, whither he was soon followed by the Duke of *L'erma's* Physicians, and other medical Persons usually attending on those who would be thought really ill. Don *Pedro* dropped a Complaint on the Trick put upon him by the Count, but amidst such an unwelcome Crowd, there was no entering into Particulars.

The next Morning a Relation of the Marquis *de Mello*, also an Intimate of Don *Bertrand's*, called on him at the Palace to know whether the Addresses which he had apparently paid to Donna *Flora* had any particular meaning, and whether he gave his Consent, that formal notice of it should be given to the fair One's Family; Don *Bertrand*, thanking the Gentleman for his kind Offers, declared that he had no farther thoughts of a Match with

Donna *Flora*; to refuse what he loved beyond himself, must naturally have cost him a severe Struggle; however the satisfaction of having acted up to the Duties of Friendship, supported him against the despair of Love, and he returned to Don *Pedro*, in such an outward Composure, that he saw no sign of his inward Agitation. The *Portuguese* well knew that he deprived himself of his most desirable Felicity; but reflecting, that it would be embittered with Remorse and Grief, if it affected even so much as the quiet of Don *Pedro*, much more his Life, the Thoughts of what he preserved comforted him under his voluntary Loss.

Don *Pedro*'s Disquietude was of another kind, for since Don *Bertrand*'s Declaration, that he had given over all thoughts of Donna *Flora*, his Disorder was grown worse, as he had never perceived any Caprice or Inconstancy in Don *Bertrand*'s Sentiments and Behaviour; he durst not imagine that this Alteration proceeded from any such Cause; yet thought he, either that must have been the Cause, or it must have proceeded from a Delicacy, so rare, as to be

be little probable. Another perplexity was, how his Friend should have come at the knowledge of a Secret which he had so closely confined within his own Breast. At length came the Juncture, when the Count was obliged to explain himself.

Don *Pedro's* Fever increasing, his *Portuguese* Friend exhorted him not to brood on any anxious Thoughts, but amuse his Mind with pleasurable Ideas; still keeping from him, how far he had carried his Friendship, lest the News might bring on a dangerous Crisis. The *Spaniard* availed himself of this Advice, and answered his Friend, it is in vain to bid me be easy, unless you put me in the way. I conjure you by our Friendship, of which, your Cares in my present Condition are an uncommon Pledge, tell me roundly why you drop your Addresses to Donna *Flora*; nothing ever surpris'd me like this Resolution of yours, after such an ardent Passion of above two Months standing. Surely you are not displeased at finding the way more easy and open than you imagine; I should be concerned

to have injured that lovely Maid, by encouraging you to proceed and anticepating your Happiness; I imagined to have seen you all Joy and Ecstasy, sealing anew our Friendship with glowing Embraces; especially when after all my Repugnancy and Objections——No more, I beseech you, interrupted the Count, those very Oppositions, O generous Don *Pedro*, render me guilty of a most execrable Tyranny. I protest to you, I did not at first enter into them. The Tumult of my own Mind then expelled all Reflection, the Source of them occurred to me too late, could not I see without your being sick? no, till I found you languishing in Bed, my Eyes were blinded. Then I called to mind something of a Confusion which I observed in you, the very first time you saw Donna *Flora*; then I also remembered how careful you had been to shun her, then I was no longer dubious about the meaning of your repeated Intreaties against speaking to her in my Behalf. Here I clearly saw, whence arose that alteration in your Looks and Behaviour, when you was to speak to her, at the  
Duke



Duke *d'Aveiro's*, and which then I imputed to your natural Modesty; in fine, when you grew ill, it became evident to me that you loved Donna *Flora*. Oh! cruel Don *Bertrand*! replied Don *Pedro*, you have indeed very particularly laid open a Mystery most afflictive to me. Yes, Donna *Flora*, with Grief I own it, is dear to me, it is a Crime with which my Friendship will incessantly upbraid me. Yet is it a Crime utterly involuntary; it is an Infidelity of my Senses, but to which my Heart, though strongly sollicit, never would give its Sanction. Yet to think that you should know me to harbour such a Baseness, is what I cannot endure; it is a Blemish, which may ever render me contemptible in your Eyes: my dear Don *Bertrand* forgive me.

It is me whom such Humiliation becomes, replied the latter; forgive me, dear Don *Pedro*. It is I who brought on you this Illness, by urging you to sacrifice your dearest Concerns to mine; to all your extraordinary Marks of Friendship I have made no return, I have even done you Injuries irreparable; may not I ex-  
piate

piate my Misconduct; we both are in  
 love with *Flora*; this doubtless is an  
 Effect of that powerful Sympathy, which  
 so quickly united us in the most cordial  
 Friendship: But both cannot possess her;  
 she naturally must be the Portion of him  
 who best deserves her; this is you; you  
 who nobly strove to conquer yourself, you  
 who from Friendship to me, was destroying  
 your very self. Your Magnanimity alone  
 equals all the Virtues she can be possessed  
 of. Your Friendship alone is equal to her  
 Love; since Friendship inspires you with  
 such exalted Sentiments, to what height  
 would not Love carry you? but I, low-  
 thoughted Slave of my Weaknesses, suf-  
 fered myself to be carried away by the  
 Impression of her Beauty, without con-  
 sidering whether I was deserving of her,  
 or whether any other might not be more  
 deserving; all my selfish Love feared, was  
 that I should not be beloved by her;  
 whereas what I should have feared was the  
 very loving her. You have taught me  
 what is real Tenderness. In marrying  
*Flora*, what was I bringing to her, but a  
 Heart wrapped up in its own Satisfaction;  
 such

such Hearts are to be met with every where, but is it so certain that she shall meet with a Heart noble like yours, capable of soliciting for another, a Treasure with which he might enrich himself; and this voluntarily, for now your Intentions lie open to me, you did not refuse me from Jealousy, from Ill-nature, but it was merely a Point of Delicacy; you was afraid of seeing again those Charms, all remembrance of which you had firmly strove to stifle. I have done Justice on myself and to you likewise, and have at once renounced all claim to the beloved Object; but my Proceeding is far below yours; you are the Person beloved, replied Don *Pedro*, that is not my Case, I have sacrificed to you, only a Chimera of my Imagination, only uncertain Desires; and you are for giving up to me what may be said, in some measure, to be in your Possession. The Generosity is all on your Side, and even should you persist in this Design, which I will ever strongly oppose, how would it benefit me? *Flora* has very plainly signified to me, that her Love is fixed on you; what then can I expect?

To

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To that, all I shall answer, is, said Don *Bertrand*, that had she known you as well as she knows me, the Preference would not have been my Lot, that, then perhaps her favourable acceptance of my Wishes, may be owing to her not knowing that you had the like Dispositions for her. In a Word then, if unhappily for her, she refused you, I could not charge myself with being the Author of your Misfortunes.

The coming in of the Viceroy put an end to this generous Dispute, which instead of detrimmenting Don *Pedro's* Health, as might be imagined from the Emotions which it naturally raised in him, had by the Eclaircissements intermixed with it, and even the glimpse of Hope which it offered to him, allayed his Disquietudes, for though actuated by the most noble Magnanimity, his Passion had not totally resigned its Power. Don *Bertrand*, who by his absolute Denial had deprived himself of every Resource, saw with infinite Satisfaction that he had saved his Friend, and was overjoyed that the Duke of *L'erma* came in at this



this Juncture, which he was labouring to improve.

I was not mistaken, my Lord, said the *Portuguese* to the Viceroy; the Cause of Don *Pedro's* Malady, is a stubborn Love, which my Friend, after all his Efforts, has not been able to suppress; but happily his Sentiments are of such a Cast, that his Cure may be undertaken without any Reproach to others or himself.

Don *Pedro*, said the Duke of *L'erma*, may promise himself that I shall never refuse him any Satisfaction consistent with Virtue and Honour, which it shall lie in my Power to procure him; so I would have him be easy, and thus forward the good Effects of the Physicians Prescriptions. Your Goodness gives me pain, answered Don *Pedro*, I own my Caution with regard to your Excellency, was an ill return for that filial Confidence to which you have accustomed me; do not give way to any Anxiety, replied the Viceroy, I am no Stranger to Love; we often wish we could conceal it from our very selves. I am not in the least displeased with you, for not communicating to me, what most  
certainly

certainly you was endeavouring to forget. Cheer up, young Gentleman, and get on your Legs again, then we will see what can be done in this Love.

The Sense of my Misbehaviour towards you, my Lord, is not the only Circumstance which may retard my Recovery. The wrong done by my Passion to a *Portuguese*, whom I know to be equally enamoured with *Donna Flora*, excites in me such a Remorse as will not permit me to avail myself of your Kindness; it is an Injury which affects the lovely *Mello* herself, the Addressee of her Countryman being very acceptable to her. Thus by my precipitate Desires, would two harmonising Minds be torn from each other; a Thought I cannot bear. As they are deserving of every Felicity, I am not of a Temper to offer them any Molestation. I know whereabouts my Friend is, replied *Don Bertrand*, but you may be very easy on that Head; for to my certain knowledge, the Gentleman whom you suppose so taken with *Donna Flora*, no longer ago than this Morning declined an Overture of this Match; you are the only Person for it.

My

My dear Don *Bertrand*, said the sick Lover, your Intention is kind, you would revive me by such an extraordinary Hope; but rather deprive me of it: this is only feeding my Distemper. The Count is your Friend, interrupted the Duke of *L'erma*; and wherefore would you have him deceive you? Unquestionably, said the *Portuguese*, it can be no doubt with Don *Pedro*, but every particular of this Affair is known to me; and nothing can be more true, than what I have been telling you; since it is so, said the Viceroy, do not make your Case worse by vain Repinings, no Time shall be lost to bring the Affair to a happy Issue.

Don *Pedro de Quereo*, bent on surmounting his Friend's Generosity, forbore any further Answer to the Duke *de L'erma*, who went away, and Don *Bertrand* disappointed Don *Pedro's* Views, accompanying the Viceroy, to whom he represented that he conceived the sooner his Intentions were signified to the Marquis *de Mello*, the better; I shall not make the first Step myself, answered the Duke, it would be derogating from my Dignity, I must look out  
for

for some proper Person to break the Ice; and now we are on this Head, it occurs to me that the great Esteem which your Countrymen universally have for you, as well as the Intimacy with Don *Pedro*, give you the best Title to the Commission, and you would be perhaps sorry, to see it in other Hands; then go, Count, and see the Marquis *de Mello*, and prevail with him to move to me, that on which you are very sensible, depends the Life of your Friend.

Don *Bertrand* gave his Word, that he would immediately discharge that agreeable Commission, and return to Don *Pedro* desiring him not to take it amiss that he left him a Moment. Alas! said the *Spaniard*, imagining that the end of his going away, was to make him such an heroic Sacrifice; Alas! let it not be for a single Moment that you leave me, leave me for ever, I am an unfortunate Creature, unworthy of your Kindness, I have deprived you of an Object dear to you above all Things; is it possible, my dear *Bertrand*, that you could decline the Offer, which you mentioned before the Duke of *L'erma*.

Yes,



Yes, answered the *Portuguese*, now in my turn, I am worthy to be your Friend; some Overtures were made to me, for bringing Matters to a speedy Conclusion, and I excused myself; I own, I am not entirely free from some little Uneasiness, arising from the long desire I had of being united to Donna *Flora*. Yet inwardly more pleased with my Refusal, than I should have been with her Consent. I have discharged my Duty to you; to her I leave the Hopes of a more perfect Happiness than she would have enjoyed with me. I am now a true Friend, whom you will not disown, whereas otherwise I should have been an Ingrate, and the more detestable, as, perhaps, had I stabbed you, you would still not have desisted from loving me. I am a Lover of whom Donna *Flora* will be ashamed, who have loved only myself.

Spare me, my dear Don *Bertrand*, spare me, would you have me to be all that you say you must have been; you was acquainted with Donna *Flora*, you loved her before I knew there was any such a Person in the World. It was by you that I first came  
to

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to know her; and shall I be the Person to deprive you of her? What must I be with regard to you? an execrable Traitor, whom, instead of pitying, you should abhor; and towards the lovely *Mello*, a contemptible, flagitious Creature; a deceitful Wretch, whom she would never look on but with Fear and Horror; go hasten after him who made the Overture to you, possibly he may not as yet have delivered your Answer, tell him that you have thought better on the Proposal, and that you agree to it. You plainly see, that your Refusal renders you supremely wretched, and at the same time does not preserve me from being so. As a Recompence for what I have done, if Duty requires any other Recompence than the Honour of having discharged it; the Resolution you had taken, is indisputably an Equivolent. Think then on the Misery in which otherwise you will linger out the long remainder of your Days.

I know, replied Don *Bertrand*, what I have suffered, and still suffer, were it not so, where would be the Obligation? but my Sufferings do not come up to yours, I bear

up

up against this Effort, whereas you sink under the Conflict, and the Stronger should help the Weaker; but you detain me too long, added he, there is a necessity for my leaving you, I will be back you may be assured as soon as possible, in the mean Time, entertain yourself with these exhilarating Hopes.

Don *Bertrand's* back was no sooner turned than Don *Pedro*, more attentive to the Clamours of his Friendship, than the Suggestions of his Love, sent to request the Duke of *L'erma*, that he would be pleased to come back for a Minute. Your Excellency will forgive me, but in all Appearance, it will be a long time, before I shall have such a favourable Opportunity: Don *Bertrand's* Friendship for me, you see keeps him continually at my Bedside. Yet it is necessary, that he should not be acquainted with what I am going to say: How! cried the Vice-Roy, do you suspect the Person so unreservedly attached to you? and who now has left you, only to go and propose your Marriage to the Marquis *de Mello*?

How

How is that! cried Don *Pedro*? it was the Excess of his Disinterestedness that I was for preventing, by speaking to you. The Rival, whom I was saying, I should be very sorry to hurt, is no other than Don *Bertrand*; and he carries the Message that is to decide his Misery. Ah, my Lord, such Nobleness of Soul tortures me more than if I had my own Passion to combat.

Then Don *Pedro* proceeded to relate all that had passed between the Count *de Ormes* and himself; the Vice-Roy was filled with Concern and Amazement at this Recital; and now Don *Bertrand* returned. The Duke immediately said to him, why did you not give me a frank account of Matters? Now I must reproach myself with laying on you a Commission, which must end in your Wretchedness; my Lord, answered the *Portuguese*, do not be under any Concern, I have succeeded, and account myself the most fortunate of Men, the only Vexation now to me, would be to make any farther Difficulties about it. I wish you and Don *Pedro* would do me the Honour  
to



to think, I am Master of so much Reason and Generosity, that my Procedure puts me to less Pain than may be imagined. The Marquis *de Mello* has the highest esteem for Don *Pedro*, and To-morrow will come and pay his Court to your Excellency, and know your further Pleasure.

At the same time that you lay me under an unparalled Obligation, says Don *Pedro* to Don *Bertrand*, you are doing me the greatest Unkindness possible; I forbear touching on your Inclinations, as that would displease you. I shall only lament that you should not think me capable of imitating them. Never shall I forgive myself, for thwarting those of the lovely *Flora*, and which I now, less than ever, can expect should be favourable to me. She must be made acquainted with your Nobleness of Soul, and can she know it without abhorring me, for depriving her of a Heart thus worthy of her; leave that to the Issue, replied the *Portuguese*, shew yourself to Donna *Flora* in your natural Amiability; let not your Disquietudes throw the least Shade over your Accomplishments. Your Declarations of Love will certainly weigh down

down mine, of which she has but an indirect Knowledge; you may even give her to understand, that you spoke only under a borrowed Name; and to save you the Perplexity of—I, interrupted Don *Pedro*, stoop to such a low Artifice; do you know me Don *Bertrand*, all the many Services which you have hitherto done me, scarce balance the Infamy of this Suspicion. I am weak, but not villainous; if Donna *Flora* be not yours, it will not be I who shall go about to divert her Affections from you, I have loved her irresistably, but never shall she hear a Word from me, that you do not love her; be compleatly virtuous, do not assume the whole Glory to yourself, allow that I can think and act in a manner answerable to your Proceedings.

There would be no end in giving a Detail of the whole Conversation between these two singular Friends, who could not agree in yielding the Advantage to each other, and yet mutually feared to create any Displeasure.

The Marquis *de Mello*, as Don *Bertrand* had given Notice, came to the Palace the next Day, where he was received by the Duke

Duke of *L'erma*, with an unusual Affability; yet in this first Interview nothing was brought on the Carpet. However the Marquis did not go away without paying his Compliments to Don *Pedro de Quereo*, and the Vice-Roy himself condescended to attend him into the sick Lover's Apartment, left him there alone with Don *Pedro*, Don *Bertrard* having made another sudden Excursion.

After two such painful Steps as that of refusing the Mediation of his intimate Friend for obtaining Donna *Flora*, and of being the Messenger to the Marquis *de Mello*, in behalf of Don *Pedro*, he would carry Generosity to its highest Pitch, and become an Advocate to *Flora* for his Friend; he knew where she was to be, and at the first Opportunity, accosted her, without any Appearance of particular Desire of speaking to her; though Don *Bertrand* had thought that he should come off easier in this last Attempt, as supported in it by the two former, yet he soon found it to be the most critical of any. But the Honour of coming off Conqueror in such a

Combat, inspirited his Resolution, and he triumphed.

I suppose, said the lovely *Mello*, I may wish you Joy of your Friend's Amendment, for were he in the least Danger, you would hardly be seen Abroad; yes, answered the Count *de Ormes*, he is in very great Danger, all I can do will never work a Cure, his Recovery is in your Hands, for I must tell you, that it was with you he caught his Disorder; an unfortunate Confidence, which perhaps you did not see into the meaning of, has reduced him to a very miserable Estate, that the least Part of it is his Illness. I very well recollect, answered Donna *Flora*, some Words that passed between him and me at the Duke *d'Aveiro's*, and as he conceals nothing from you, added she artfully, he doubtless gave you a full Account of it, but as that did not any ways concern him, I am extremely surprised he should impute his Disorder to me, I think, I answered him quite agreeable to his Wishes, what can he reproach me with? Alas! replied the Count *de Ormes*, he is far from reproaching you with



with any thing, the Business is to know whether you rightly understood him; besides his natural Timidity, your Presence over awed him, and when he was going to lay before you the Passion with which you inspired him, his Heart failed him, and in his Confusion he had recourse to an innocent Artifice, borrowing my Name. Satisfied with having paid you this Homage, mysterious as it was, he has not uttered the least Complaint of the Answer which you gave him. For my Part, I affirmed to him, that you saw into what his Timidity veiled, and that you answered his Thoughts rather than his Words, and I was the Pretence to both for explaining yourselves. Leave this no longer under any Uncertainty, I entreat you. She answered, I understood Don *Pedro* as clearly as I now do you; so both may judge, what my Answer meant. Then instead of entering into farther Particulars with the Count, she suddenly turned and mingled with the Company.

The young *Portuguese* more intent to please his Friend, than flatter himself, thought that the lovely *Mello* could not better intimate that the *Spaniard* was he

whom she loved. He hastens back with this Answer, not, as it had been delivered, but as he, in his Precipitancy had construed it. Don *Pedro* finding the Count's Magnanimity no longer withstood his Happiness, but vowed to his Friend the most perfect Fidelity, and that he should not think his very Life too great a return for such a singular Delicacy; the Duke of *L'erma*, being informed by Don *Bertrand* of Donna *Flora's* supposed Dispositions, now waited only for the compleat Recovery of his dear Don *Pedro*, and no sooner did the Physicians signify to the Vice-Roy that he stood in no farther need of their Attendance, than the Duke carried him to the Marquis *de Mello's*, who introduced him to his Daughter, as the Person appointed for her.

Young *Flora* did not appear with that Serenity and Chearfulness which would have become her, had Don *Bertrand* faithfully interpreted what she had said; and Don *Pedro* still timid, soon perceived it, and that he might not give his Mistress any of that Uneasiness, that he had been the cause of to his Friend, in farther Discourse

course with her, protested, that if it was in the least to her dislike, he would not avail himself of the Marquis *de Melio's* Countenance; *Flora* did not conceal from Don *Pedro*, that, for her Part she had given herself to the Count *de Ormes*. That's enough, said the *Spaniard*, rely on my Affection, you shall never be mine; but may I ask why you commission'd my Friend to give me some Hope? otherwise we should not have taken such Steps as now must necessarily be displeasing both to your Father and the Vice-Roy.

I had no room to doubt, answered Donna *Flora*, that you had not understood me and informed Don *Bertrand* of what I had said. When I thought you was speaking to me in his Behalf, I concluded your Discourse to have no other meaning than what was natural, and knowing you to be the Count's Confident, little did I imagine when he spoke that you was also his Rival; I looked upon his Words, added she, as a Riddle, which Timidity, and of this you yourself say, he has no small Share, requested me to explain, and I supposed him to know enough,

not to be perplexed at the Answer which I was giving him.

Perhaps also, lovely Maid, replied Don *Pedro*, he has understood it according to your Meaning, and his Friendship for me, may have induced him to disguise it a little in his Report to the Duke of *Lerma* and myself. For how far he carries the Delicacy of Friendship is astonishing!

Zeal in Friendship is commendable, said *Flora*, but tell me at once, does he love me? was it for him, that you was speaking to me, at the Duke d' *Aveiros*? Yes, said Don *Pedro*, he did not then know that I was secretly burning with the like Flame; it was not till that Moment, that he suspected any such thing, and by a supernatural Effort, he has endeavoured to save my Life, at the expence of his own Happiness; he has declared to me he would sacrifice his Inclinations for my Gratification. He has refused the Mediation of a Relation of yours. He willingly engaged to make the first Motion to the Marquis *de Mello*, and lastly, I find that, to secure your Consent in my Behalf, he intended to mislead you

con-



concerning his Dispositions and deceive himself in yours.

You let me into a most extraordinary Behaviour, replied Donna *Flora*, and very glad am I to know that the Count *de Ormes* prefers you to me; and has allowed Friendship to take the lead of Love. That's enough, I never can believe that such a Man ever loved me, the *Spaniard* could not patiently hear his Friend charged with such an Injustice, and defended his Cause with a Vivacity, which surprised the young fair One. That two Lovers should profess so much Ardour to her, and at the same time be so very ready to resign her to each other, was a Mystery, which nearly raised her Indignation; I pray, said she, to Don *Pedro*, no more of your Apologies for the fickle Don *Bertrand*, could I have believed that he loved me, nothing should have obliged me to give myself to another, but are you content to lose, what you cannot acquire but by his loss; if you can persuade me, that, notwithstanding his Indifference, he deserves my Love, or that I can perceive your Design to be such, it will

be the very same with you, as I treat his Indifference, so shall I treat yours. I will break with both, and your romantic Caprice shall meet with the Contempt it deserves, do you rest satisfied that his Procedure has wrought a change in me to your Advantage; if you owe me to the Resentment or rather Coldness which he has raised in me, I do you Justice. All I ask of you, is to judge whether I am in the wrong to think myself little obliged to him for giving me up in the manner he has done, and if you are really pleased at this unexpected success of your Wishes, let us have no Reply; forsake the Friend for the Mistress, for I repeat it to you, you would incur my Contempt, without ever bringing me to a good thought of him.

If the *Spaniard* desisted, it was because he clearly saw that any farther Pleadings for his Friend could be of no Service; *Danna Flora* and the Count being fixed, one by a Vanity too common for her to hope ever to get the better of, the other by a Magnanimity too rare to think that he would depart from it. The charming *Mello* put on an Air of Satisfaction and Candour admirably imitative of Affection.

She

She intended unquestionably the Count should here of her, being thus easy and communicative, and pleased herself with the Thoughts, that Despair, at least continual, if not declaring itself by some act of Violence, would avenge her of what she looked on as an unpardonable Crime.

Don *Bertrand* however denied her this inhuman Satisfaction. And whilst Preparatives were making for the Nuptials, he withdrew to an Estate of his near *Alcantara*. Omitting no means for effacing all Remembrance of *Flora*.

The affectionate Duke of *L'erma*, in order to secure to Don *Pedro* the whole Tenderness of his future Spouse, obtained from the Court of *Madrid* several Favours adapted to please her Ambition. With the royal Consent he now declared the Marriage, hitherto kept secret, and of which Don *Pedro* and a Daughter called *Stella*, had been the Fruits. It was no small matter for these two Children to bear the illustrious Name of *L'erma*. Yet this did not satisfy their Father's Fondness. He had solicited for them, but chiefly on Don *Pedro's* account, a Favour of much

greater importance. About three Years before, a Ship fitted out at the Vice-Roys Expence, had discovered an Island near twenty Leagues in circuit; he had done Homage for it to the Crown of *Spain*, and held it under the Protection of that Monarch. At this Juncture he obtained the Erection of it into a Principality, as the hereditary Property of Don *Pedro* and his Sister, and from her this Island had been called *Stell'aria*; that now *Flora* by giving her Hand to Don *Pedro* gained the Title of Princess. So many gladdening Circumstances were allayed only by one single Chagrin; if to go and reign as a Sovereign in another part of the World be a Chagrin, they were to leave *Europe* and remove into the new World. Certainly, it was no small mortification to the Vanity of Donna *Flora*, who flattered herself with eclipsing all the Beauties of the Court of *Spain*. She was now going into a Country, where she thought Beauty must be a very insignificant thing, without Rivals and without Admirers; this Uneasiness which the new Princess felt from Vanity, the new Prince still more strongly felt from Friendship; he was  
 now



now going to be separated from his generous Count and an additional Affliction was to part from such a valuable Friend without taking his Leave. It has been said that Don *Bertrand* was at a distant Seat of his; to desire that he would return to *Lisbon* on this Occasion, would have been cruel, and to go to his Seat was incurring the Displeasure of a Woman who had not so soon forgot his Refusal, though to it she owed her Elevation. The only Comfort to Don *Pedro*, now Prince of *Stellaria*, was that on his Departure the Count would return and enjoy the Diversions of the Capital; of this he acquainted his Friend in a Letter, the Answer to which he could not receive, embarking in a few Days for his Principality.

Don *Bertrand* made no use of the Freedom which his Friend had imagined would give him some Pleasure; he suspected that Donna *Flora* had engaged all her Family in her Resentment, and especially her Brother on whom the Duke de *L'erma* had lately conferred the Reversion of the honourable Employment held by his Father; in this Persuasion the Count de

*Ormes*

*Ormes* kept himself at his Seat, not for want of Courage, but to save his Enemies from committing acts of Injustice. The Superintendency of his Fortune at *Lisbon*, and in the Neighbourhood, he committed to one *Linto*, his Steward, an honest judicious Man. Thus he spent some Years in a fruitless Combat against the Idea of her whom he had loved only two Months, and still more concerned at the absence of his Friend, especially as he had received no News of him.

In the mean time the Duke of *L'erma* dying, and *Margaret* of *Savoy* Dutches of *Mantua* succeeding him in the Vice-royalty of *Portugal*, Don *Pedro* returned from *America* to settle his Claims on the Inheritance of the Duke of *L'erma*; as he was not accompanied by the Princess *Stellaria* he promised himself the Pleasure of passing through *Portugal* to visit Count *Bertrand*, to whom he sent Advice of his Return and Intention, in the Execution of which however he was disappointed, by a misunderstanding between the two Crowns, a Revolution having been brought about in

in *Portugal*, by which the House of *Braganza* had ascended the Throne\*.

The same Reason which hindered Don *Pedro* from visiting the Court of *Lisbon*, prevented Don *Bertrand* from going to that of *Madrid*; besides he was sick and not even able to pay his Duty to the new King, which his Enemies did not fail improving to his Disadvantage; though it is not improbable but that he might have got the better of this Suspicion, had not the Proclamation of Don *Juan Braganza*, been followed by a dangerous Conspiracy against him. Among the Leaders were the Counts *Amamar* and *de Ballerais*, relations of Don *Bertrand*. *Mello* the great Huntsman still remembering the latter's refusal of his Sister, in favour of his *Spanish* Friend, represented to the Ministry his Absence from the Court, together with his Affinity to the Heads of the Conspiracy, with some imaginary Additions; on these slender Proofs the unhappy Count was taken into Custody, and after

\* This was in the Year 1640. The Abbe *Verlet's* History of it is a most excellent Piece.

a severe Trial, in which some urged that he should lose his Head, he was degraded and banished, and his Estate confiscated.

Don *Bertrand* had never been wanting to do his Countrymen every kindness within his Power; his Purse, his Interest, were always ready for the Distressed, and during his Prosperity, there was not a *Portuguese* who had not vowed a thousand times to lay down his Life for him. Yet not one was found who had the Generosity to entertain him, and to soften the Rigour of an iniquitous Tribunal.

Don *Bertrand de Ormes*, had he received any Consolation from his dear Friend Don *Pedro*, would have been less concerned at this universal Ingratitude; but the public Commotions and his personal Misfortunes now interrupted their Correspondence; but the Count, uncertain whether this Silence did not proceed as much from Coldness as Impracticability, determined to satisfy himself and go to *Madrid*, but the Difficulty was to get thither.

He was so little used to Hardship, much less Indigence, that he could not be certain his Health could hold out under



so many Fatigues; his Constitution naturally not the most robust, was so impaired by his long Conflict of Friendship against Love, his Imprisonment and the Loss of his Fortune, that there was little Appearance of his going through so long a Journey with no other Resource than the public Compassion.

Yet was he without any more promising Expectations, for on enquiry he heard that *Linto* his Steward at *Lisbon* dying lately, his Son and Daughter fearing to be involved in their Master's Sufferings had disappeared; the Count since his Disaster had owed his Subsistence to the Goodness of an old Peasant, who had received him whilst he waited the Success of his Enquiry; which proving fruitless, all he could do, was, to thank his Host and set out.

Virtue is often tried, but seldom quite forsaken; the Count *de Ormes* now was without a single Ray of Hope, when a young Man, of a most amiable Countenance, whom he knew not, came into the Cottage, and bowing respectfully to the Count, acquainted him that his Name was *Thomaso*,  
Son.

Son to *Linto*, that he had brought with him some Jewels and other valuable Things negotiated under foreign Names.

Don *Bertrand* knew *Linto's* honesty to be such, that he could not have much enriched himself by the Management of his Affairs, and being informed that the Hoard of that old Servant had suffered in the Ravage of his Master's Effects, he urged the young Man, who brought him this unforeseen Relief, to share with him the Remains of his Opulence. But it was what he could never bring him to. As your Substance, said the Count, happened to be mixed with mine, what remains should be divided between us, that is the least that can be done; possibly, even all that remains may have belonged to you, and though you have the Generosity to offer, it would be very wrong in me to accept of the whole; it is what your Father has earned in many Years of Industry and Care to secure you a Support; to take it back would be no less than Robbery, it would be worse than if I had withheld the trusty *Linto's* Salary, which he so well deserved.

My

My Lord, answered he to whom Don *Bertrand* had thus spoke, no such things could have belonged to my Father; where should he have got them? However he came by them, they must have been owing to your Goodness and your Father's; mine used often to tell us, when first he came into your Family, he was worth nothing, was only a hard labouring Man, living from Hand to Mouth. Your Confidence in him placed him in a better State. It would not be fit for us to sit quietly enjoying it, whilst you are in the Condition, in which, with Grief I see you. The unjust Treatment you met with, hastened his Death, otherwise he would have been here in my Stead, I must tell you, therefore, I only execute his Orders.

Faithful, generous *Thomaso*! replied the Count *de Ormes*, with how many would the Orders have died with their Fathers! but I must again say, there is too much Disinterestedness in this. These Jewels I will accept of, and do you take these Bills, they will enable you to settle comfortably.

What

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What leave you! my dear Master, so good a Master, I have left no Stone unturned to find you out, in hopes that you would allow me to live with you, and follow you, till better Days may come about; No, *Thomaso*, that must not be, replied *Don Bertrand*, your Youth is not to be wasted in doing me Services which perhaps it will never be in my Power to reward you for! besides, what will become of your Sister *Lucia*, you are to prefer her to me. Your Sister's Safety and Virtue claim your Attention much more than any Misfortunes of mine.

All is well with *Lucia*, my Lord, answered *Thomaso*, she herself urged me not to delay fulfilling my Father's dying Commands, good care is taken of her, and nothing will be more welcome to her, than to hear, that you are delivered from a Condition so little becoming you. Alas! said the Count, the chief Satisfaction which a happy Change of Fortune would give me, is suitably to recompence such extraordinary Probity and Zeal.

He farther insisted that *Thomaso* would make use of the Bills and settle himself  
in



in the World, but *Thomazo* was as urgent to attend the Count *de Ormes*; who seeing him inflexible, desired him to go and buy every thing that was necessary for travelling with tolerable Comfort and decency. This Commission *Thomazo* discharged in one Day, that the next they were ready for their Journey, and after rewarding the aged Peasant who had so cordially afforded him an Asylum, he and the Son of *Linto* set out for *Spain*.

They were now within an easy Day's Journey of *Madrid*, when towards Evening, a Gang of Robbers surpris'd them, and making them alight, took what they had and changed their Cloaths for what was little better than Rags. Don *Bertrand* was too near the end of his Journey to be much disperited, this Event he looked upon as the last Stroke of persecuting Fortune. They reached the City as well as they could, and without delay, as their Condition required, found out the Palace of the Prince *de Stellaria*; the Count in the Plight to which the Robbers had reduced them, could not prevail on himself to send in his Name. He chose  
rather

rather to stay till Don *Pedro* made his Appearance. The Prince's Footmen and Pages, with whom the Tailor makes the Man, and who seldom look beyond Externals, little thought that a Person of such a mean Appearance was entitled to any Respect; thus he was exposed to their Ribaldry without daring to return it, and what perhaps gave him most Pain, was, that *Thomazo*, from his Affection for him, underwent the like Insults. One Circumstance which also went very near his Heart, was, to see among the Crowd, waiting for his Friend, several Noblemen with whom he had conversed very familiarly in *Portugal*; as he could not conceive but they must know him again, he concluded the disdainful Looks which they cast on him, were directed to his own Person, whereas they expressed a Contempt of the Distressed in general, of whom he was then a Representative; it was not long before he was revenged of such disagreeable Treatment. Don *Pedro*, at his entrance into the Hall of Audience, amidst the Croud in which Don *Bertrand* concealed himself out of delicacy to his Friend, distinguished

tinguished him, under his miserable Appearance, and without taking any Notice of those who were most forward in their Salutations, ran and embraced him in the most tender manner, shedding Tears intermixed with all the Signs of Joy, Grief, and Amazement; so far from giving himself any trouble to conceal these Emotions, he desired all who were come to pay him their court, to leave him at his Freedom with the dearest of his Friends.

When they were alone, the Prince *de Stellaria*, without desiring from Don *Bertrand* any Account of his Misfortunes, which were but too visible, entered on Measures for removing them; Don *Bertrand* no less moved with *Thomaso's* Misfortunes than his own, gave the Prince an Account of him, and his extraordinary Generosity. Don *Pedro* charmed with what he heard, assured *Thomaso* that he would never look upon him otherwise than as a Friend, to whom he was exceedingly obliged for relieving the Count; and after causing them both to be cloathed, he ordered in a Breakfast, which was to supply all the Meals of the foregoing Day.

He

He now made an offer to present them  
 — The Count *de Ormes*, without  
 giving him time to conclude, imagining  
 that he was going to speak of Donna  
*Flora*, requested of him that he might not  
 see a Person, whose Presence he had a  
 thousand Reasons to avoid.

Alas! replied Don *Pedro*, Donna *Flora*  
 is no more, and if I dare own it, after  
 having shewn such Love, and a Love  
 which cost you so dearly, that if through  
 a natural Sensibility I sometimes regret  
 her, Reason much oftner advises me to  
 be easy about the Loss of her; how  
 are we to be pitied, when we give up our  
 Heart, on the bare report of our Eyes!  
 This Match, without which, I should  
 have thought Life not worth the Posses-  
 sing, filled it with Restlessness and Vexa-  
 tion; how different was the Soul of Donna  
*Flora* from her Person! amidst all the  
 Chagrins which her imperious Humour  
 caused me, I had only one Comfort, that  
 I had eased you of them; but could I  
 have felt a lively sincere Sorrow for her  
 Death, very much would it be now  
 soothed by the freedom resulting from it



to my Friendship, to which her Life would have been a Check. Heaven has further favoured me in not allowing her to leave any Issue behind; as I should tremble, lest they should inherit her Faults.

Here the Count notwithstanding all his Efforts to forget Donna *Flora*, and all vindictive Devices against him, felt, that he had never ceased from loving her, he endeavoured to hide from his Friend some Tears which involuntarily stole from him, and restraining his present Emotion, asked him to whom he was for presenting them; to Donna *Stella*, my Sister, answered Don *Pedro*, from what she has heard me say of you, she loves you no less than I, and I am sure will omit nothing to second my Gratitude.

They now rose, and went into the Princess's Apartment, where she received them with the same Joy and Cordiality which they had met with from her generous Brother. Had not Don *Bertrand* been still taken up, with the Idea of Donna *Flora*, or had he not from the time of that Event, fixedly resolved to be upon his guard against the first Enticements of Love,

Love, he unquestionably could not have secured his Heart against the brilliant Charms of Donna *Stella*.

All the dignity of Figure that can be derived from an illustrious Origin, displayed itself in this charming Maid, her Eyes were rather mild than sparkling, but mild without Languor; Reserve and Cheerfulness seem'd blended in her Countenance, lively without Giddiness, modest without Affectation, virtuous from Reflection and a happy Constitution: In her concentered the most amiable Accomplishments natural and acquired; faint are the Strokes of this Picture, yet the Original raised only Esteem and Friendship in the Count. He felt nothing of Love, and was surprised, when, some time after, the Prince spoke to him in this manner; Since you have been here, my dear Count, my Thoughts have continually turned on ways and means for repairing your Misfortunes, I hope at length I have hit on one which will not be disagreeable to you; that part of the Island, from which I derive my Title, I make over to you, I may promise myself the King's Consent to

fo

so reasonable a Cession, and with the same Prerogatives I enjoy, or more, if you can think of any; the other half of this Sovereignty, is, you know, settled on Donna *Stella*. If you have no repugnancy to making her your Wife, I believe it will be no great difficulty to obtain her Consent; not that I am certain of my Sister's having for you that kind of Good-will called Love; but this often is only an *ignis fatuus*, Esteem is a much more certain Tie. I can warrant you that of Donna *Stella*'s. And this is no small Step towards her Affection, if that be not already yours, though under concealment. At first, the Count very sincerely refused the generous Cession, which the Prince had offered; but the *Spaniard* being no less grateful than the *Portuguese* was disinterested, insisted on it in such a manner, that the latter saw it would be to no purpose to plead off any longer; and as to the kind offer the Prince made him of his Sister, he thought it his Duty, to let him know, he felt no other Sentiments than that of Friendship; but, added he, if she can be satisfied with such

calm Sentiments, I can accept the Honour done to me in your Proposal; and am not afraid that she will repent of her Condescension in accepting of me.

Don *Bertrand*, who every Day received fresh Proofs of *Thomazo's* Zeal, opened to him in confidence, the Propositions which Don *Pedro* had made him.

I am not ignorant, said he to him, that very Day, how much you love me, but will it not be requiring too much of you, to desire you to accompany me to that new World where the Prince of *Stellaria* invites me to settle. He obliges me to accept of his part of the Island.

Can you consent to be at so great a Distance from your Country, perhaps to renounce it for ever? Is there nothing you leave behind you, that you may regret? No, my dear Master, replied young *Linto*, I have no other Country but that where you shall henceforth live. Go where you please, only permit me to wait on you, and I shall have nothing to regret.

So much voluntary Goodness charms me, replies the Count *de Ormes*, but you  
put



put me to some Pain, in that you seem to have no thought of *Lucia*; the Ties of Nature are most sacred. Could you unconcerned leave behind a Sister, who no doubt requires your tenderest Care; reproach me not, my Lord, says *Thomaso*, *Lucia* is too dear for me to leave her in *Europe*, should I go to *America*, is what I could not do. I conceived you would not be against taking her in your Retinue, otherwise with all my ardent Inclination for your Service, I would not promise to accompany you.

But, says the Count, can you engage for *Lucia* that she has no Aversion from living in a foreign Clime? I can answer for her, as well as myself, replied *Thomaso*; I informed you she had the same Sentiments for you that I have always expressed; worthy Descendants of the unfortunate *Linto*! cried Don *Bertrand*: I should be extremely glad to see this generous *Lucia*. You would have seen her, my Lord, answered *Thomaso*, had it not been improper that a young Maiden should be seen following a young Nobleman. Well then, rejoined the Count, I will soon find

out a Method to remove that Indecency. Don *Pedro* is inclined that I should marry his Sister, so send for yours to come and be my Wife's Companion, as you shall be mine, you shall both share our Fortune equally with ourselves: to shew my Acknowledgment of Kindnesses and reward Merit is one of the chief Pleasures it will give me.

*Thomaso*, though unperceived by Don *Bertrand*, had changed Colour at hearing the proposal of the Match, but recovering himself, continued a Discourse which chagrined him, yet he judged the continuance of it to be absolutely necessary to him; may I take the Liberty, my Lord, said he to the Count, to ask whether Love has any share in this Match; has Donna *Stella* really inspired you with those delicate Sentiments, that sincere Ardour, without which I think an Union must be languid and joyless.

No, my dear *Thomaso*, answered the Count, I cannot say I have for her any of those tumultuous Impressions which characterise Love, and indeed were it so, I do not think I should run the hazard of  
marrying

marrying her, I have already been partly duped by such Transports, and Don *Pedro's* Experience shall make me cautious for the time to come. Those vehement Agitations are no more than the Irruptions of Passion, and when is it that Passion does not blind us?

We may thus become enamoured of a Beauty, which hides a vicious Soul, and I shall never again form my Decisions from my Eyes; all I feel for Donna *Stella*, is a placid Esteem, a gentle Friendship, and that is enough for us to live happy together.

Besides, from whom can I expect such Advantages, as are offered me, in this lovely Person; a Match with her, puts me in Possession of a whole Principality, of which otherwise I should only have a Part; and that I should never enjoy with any quiet; for is not there a great deal of Reason to think, that she would bestow on some other that Hand which I had refused, and that taking my Behaviour for Contempt, she would instigate either her Husband or her Children, to work me all possible trouble, and give me

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continual Molestation; this is an Apprehension which may very well be allowed me, after what I have felt from Donna *Flora's* Resentment, which has drawn on me all my Losses in *Portugal*. This Conversation threw young *Thomaso* into a Pensiveness, mixed with Melancholy. Such a Melancholy that in a few Days it declared itself in his Countenance; this gave no little concern to the Count *de Ormes*, and even the Prince and Donna *Stella*; at length Don *Bertrand* seeing his Melancholy encreasing, and he as industrious to conceal it, resolved to bring him to a Declaration; and from a Surmise that such a sudden Change might be owing to a dislike of the Voyage to *America*, he one Evening took him aside; What's the Matter, my dear *Thomaso*, for some Days past you are not so constantly with me, you seem to shun me, has your Affection for me deceived you? when you so readily promised to bear me company to the new World, was it more than you now can bring yourself to. You would be with a Friend, but something which you have more at Heart links you to *Europe*. Come,  
out



out with it, is there any Person in your Country, which you cannot part from? Well, the Person shall be one of our Company; though Preparations are making, it will be three or four Months before we shall leave *Spain*, and you may immediately send for him or her. *Lucia* must also have time for her coming, conceal nothing from me, I pray, for there is nothing I shall deny you. *Thomaso* answered, my dear, my worthy Master, your Goodness overwhelms me, I repeated to you, and Heaven is Witness to the Truth of what I say, I had only heard of you, when I went in search of you without knowing you; I thought of nothing more than to return as readily as I went. My urgent Entreaties shew that I cannot forsake you, no, my Lord, my Life and Services are devoted to you, I take upon me to say, that I love you more than ever I loved any Person, I love you even beyond myself; and whilst attending on you, my Sister excepted, there is scarce any one, on whom I could bestow a warm Thought. Yet I do not desire to be thought exempt from all private

Views. As the Son of a Man, the Foundation of whose Happiness was laid in your Family, had he left me other Effects than those which I brought to you, had he left me Lands or Money sufficient for a Person of your Rank, nothing could have equalled my Satisfaction. The motive on which I promise to follow you, is not that great Fortune which you are going to take Possession of, it is that I may be serviceable to you, so many are the Dangers at Sea, that I should be dying daily, knowing you were exposed to them, and I not at hand to assist you in them or perish with you.

Well then, said the Count *de Ormes*, moved with such Zeal, whence arises this Melancholy which is growing on you? Is such a singular Attachment become intimidated by Reflection, do you fear for me, perhaps you already imagine us in the Storm, and the Terrors of it overcome you, speak freely, as I was highly pleased with your Devotedness, I shall not upbraid your Fears. I shall still retain an Esteem for you. And you may be assured of the proper Effects of my Gratitude. Once more disclose your  
Heart

Heart to me ; what would you have me say, replied *Thomaso*, those mean Fears you speak of, I am a Stranger to, but *Donna Stella*, *Donna Stella*—here he stopped.

*Donna Stella*, and what then replied *Don Bertrand* ! what is she to you or you to her, what do you mean ? nothing, replied *Thomaso*, forget that I mentioned her Name ; what passes in me, I only see as through a Mist ; I even dare not fix my Eye on it. Give me leave to withdraw. No, replied the Count, the Mystery begins to clear up, your Mind is taken up with *Donna Stella*. Those passionate Sentiments you were speaking of the other Day, you yourself feel for her, own it ; indeed my Lord, said *Thomaso*, it is not so, I am not capable of such Presumption.

Do not persist in dissembling, replied *Don Bertrand* ; neither do I dissemble, returned *Thomaso* ; but I entreat you, not to insist on extorting my Secret from me, it is a kind of Frenzy which possesses me, and a Secret it shall ever be with me. Leave me to my Sorrows, to sigh in Silence is all my Relief. He, who would search

my Heart, hastens my Death ; I shall soon die, but allow it to be with the Comfort of never having revealed the Cause of my Despair. My dear *Thomaso*, said Don *Bertrand*, struck at these Words, I cannot bear to hear of your Death, you have many happy Years to come, away with such dismal Thoughts, and for our Friendship's sake let me know what ails you?

*Thomaso*, answering only in Sighs and the Gestures of extreme Affliction, the Count could not persuade himself, but *Thomaso* was his Rival. In these thoughts he went to Donna *Stella* requesting her, that she would shew some Compassion to this unhappy young Man, than whom he said, except in this Extravagancy, there was not a more esteemable Person in the whole World. Donna *Stella*, besides the natural Goodness of her Temper, had a real Esteem for *Thomaso*, she loved the very singular Generosity he had shewn to Don *Bertrand*, and the many other valuable Qualities that appeared in him, and so far from declining the Request made to her in his Behalf, she sought an opportunity of meeting him, and this presented  
itself



itself the next Morning, when she perceived him walking pensively in one of the least frequented Galleries of Don *Pedro's* Palace.

It gives me Pain, said she to him, that we cannot but observe in you all the Appearances of your being tired with your stay among us. May it not be improper to ask you, whence arises that Disquietude and Languor so visibly in you for some Days past, is it for a Fondness for your Country, which you are loth to leave? this you need not be ashamed of owning. No, Madam, replied *Thomaso* in some Confusion, surmising that Don *Bertrand* had informed her of his supposed Sentiments, no; I wish well to my native Country, but can leave it without any Regret; my Country shall always be where Count *Bertrand* is. If so, said *Stella*, I should think that Affection of yours would preserve you from being under any Uneasiness here: Every Body here is your Friend, and our Esteem you do not entirely owe to the Count's Recommendation: your many good Qualities deserve it. Why will you cause us such a continual Uneasiness? Why will you embitter our  
lively

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lively Satisfaction in restoring your Friend's Fortune; the Preparations for it have gone on less chearfully since this unhappy Alteration in you; I, particularly, must quarrel with you, for robbing me of so much of his Company; then he was always sprightly and gay, I never saw him otherwise than filled with a desire of being mine. Now, all that Happiness you have destroyed; if he looks at me Grief may be seen in his Eyes, when he answers me it is in very few Words and an Accent which betrays Uneasiness; and when he should mind only me, he is wholly taken up with you; therefore, I say restore him to me, for it is in your Power. I conjure you, trust your Secret to me, it will be an ease to yourself and it will be safe in my Hands.

Madam, replied *Thomaso*, Don *Bertrand* is yours on too many Accounts for me to take up much of his Thoughts. From what you yourself tell me, and from what he has said to me, he is yours unalterably. That I should embitter your Pleasures would be wrong, and instead of inviting me to partake of them, do not mind me,  
forget

forget even so much as my being here; besides, let me likewise request that you would indulge me in my Melancholy, which to me is Diversion and Pleasure. Our Fates are different, enjoy yours, Madam, and leave me to mine; well, but replied the Princess, how long is this Gloom to last? Never to clear up? May we not hope that you will go with us, and enjoy a Station suitable to your Deserts.

No Madam, says *Thomaso*, I have given over all Thoughts of that, nothing but my present Weakness hinders me from setting out for *Portugal* To-morrow. Your Uneasiness must be very extraordinary, said Donna *Stella*, since in compliance with it, you recede from Engagements which you ardently entered into. You cannot forget that you avowed to Don *Bertrand* an inseparable Attachment; and when he is for giving you the highest Proof of his Kindness, you suddenly depart from yours. Come you must own that this has not a good Face, and wants some Explanations. I conceived, answered *Thomaso*, my Services would have been necessary to  
Don

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*Don Bertrand.* I did not then think there would be others whom he was to prefer. He has no longer Occasion for me, so that I do not fail him; had he been less happy, I should be unjustifiable in leaving him. Being on such happy Terms with you, it is otherwise.

I do not well understand that, replied the Princess, is it with me or the Count *de Ormes* that you are displeased? Is it his Happiness or mine that grieves you? Declare it, is your Friendship Jealousy? Would you have him sacrifice to you his Affection for me? Are you afraid his Heart will not suffice for both, or would you dispute the Honour of loving him. I request Madam, said *Thomaso*, that you would leave me, that you would urge me no more, even you yourself shall never get my Secret from me. You would hear it not without concern, that's all I can say; then 'bowing respectfully, he withdrew to his Room.

The beautiful *Spaniard*, who acted only in concert with *Don Bertrand*, concluding *Thomaso's* Melancholy would be at an end, if once he was brought to a Confession,  
and



and being desirous of putting the finishing Hand to what she had began, followed him. And entering the Room immediately after him, you must not think to get from me, do not be any Ways uneasy at my making any wrong use of your Confidence; read my Heart in my Eyes; I have a sincere Concern for your Happiness, and though you will not speak, give me leave to guess, but without contradicting me.

I see into your Silence, the intended Union between Don *Bertrand* and me gives you Pain; your Desires are against it; the Motive I will not know. All I desire, is, that you signify to me that I have hit on the cause of your Melancholy. For your Quiet, to which his and mine are united I renounce him. God forbid, Madam, replied *Thomaso*, that I should entertain a Thought bordering on such horrid Injustice, what do I wish for, if I do not wish to Don *Bertrand* what he esteems his greatest Happiness on Earth; otherwise utterly unworthy should I be of that Happiness, were I allowed to hope. What shall I overthrow his Fortune? I who, were I  
able,

able, would raise it at the expence of mine; at the expence of my very Life; never mind his Fortune, replied the Princess, he will have Fortune enough otherwise, and will freely part with any Addition if your Welfare depends on it.

Yes, Madam, said *Thomaso*, the Count *de Ormes* would be rich enough, but not happy enough; he deserves the Happiness of the intended Marriage with you, and may he enjoy it. Never shall I be the cause of his Disappointment. He could not, without the most torturing Solicitude, see so much Beauty, animated by such Mildness, such Generosity and so many other Virtues, conferred on any other. If you were to be the other, said Donna *Stella*, he would rejoice in his loss. Well, it is sufficient that I have seen into your Meaning; I am determined; but I must insist on your putting on your former agreeable Temper, and then we shall be all easy. Thus ended this private Conversation.

Don *Pedro's* Sister left *Thomaso* alone, that he might the sooner recover his Serenity with it; and pleased at having, as she imagined, given him effectual Relief, she

she returned to her Brother and Don *Bertrand*, telling them they should soon see *Thomaso* the agreeable Person he had been; and it was resolved, that the Princess should keep up this officious Feint, till the Cure of *Thomaso's* Melancholy was confirmed. However, he did not appear during the whole Day, but this Retirement was thought to proceed from an Unwillingness to face those who flattered themselves they had got his Secret from him; and to avoid giving him any Uneasiness, his Repasts were carried to him in his Chamber. But in the Evening Don *Bertrand*, eager to be thoroughly satisfied what Fruits were to be expected from Donna *Stella's* Conference, went up to *Thomaso's* Apartment, and opening the Door, he heard a Voice in plaintive Accents, crying ah! poor *Lucia*, ——— It is then *Lucia*, whom you pine after, said he, as he entered, was this a mystery to be kept so very private, did not I myself intreat you to send for her, do you apprehend that she has not wherewith to come, here is a Purse, remit her the Contents, perhaps I long as much to see her as yourself. All

*Thomaso's*

*Thomaso's* Answer was a Sigh; how, replied *Don Bertrand* still sighing, when I am for preventing your Wishes! really *Thomaso*, this chagrins me, was not you speaking of *Lucia* when I came in; I was, said *Thomaso*, but my thoughts were very different from yours, your offer of the Purse, my Lord, claims my Thanks, but *Lucia* does not want it.

What is the matter then, replied *Don Bertrand*, has any Misfortune happened to her? Cannot she come? Is she sick? I hope she is not dead? No, *Lucia* is not Dead, answered *Thomaso* with a faltering Voice, but her last Hour seems to be drawing near; then, dear Youth, I no longer blame your deep Melancholy, the Death of such a Sister deserves all your Sensibility; though unknown to me, I cannot forbear being very much affected with it. Forbear these Emotions, worthy Master, you are too good, the wretched *Lucia* deserves them not, she is indeed unknown to you. She acts against you, she opposes your Happiness, she ——  
—— here Tears and Sobs interrupted his Speech; *Don Bertrand* continued, what  
do



do you tell me? this is an unaccountable change, *Lucia* whom you represented so sympathizing with my Distresses, so like yourself in Generosity of Sentiments; what harm can she wish me? she, who you say urged you to be speedy in finding me out, how does she oppose my Happiness? Is she for your returning back to her? that indeed, from the value I place on your Company, would be a great Abatement in my Happiness.

No, my Lord, nothing of that replied *Thomaso*, it is a Design which you will not so easily forgive her, she presumes to love you.——Well, and why would you incense me against her? Does Love deserve Resentment? What hurt does she do me in that, I think you are too severe on her; perhaps you fear that I should take a criminal Advantage of *Lucia's* Weakness, but I give you my Word——  
no, said *Thomaso*, in a firmer Voice, I have no such Apprehensions; it is no loose Fondness that has taken Possession of the unhappy *Lucia*, your Heart was all she aimed at, she has idly imagined that

that her's was not unworthy of you. Her Ambition was nothing less than to join Hands with you, and thus have the Honour of bearing your Name. This I meant by her acting against you, but I have taken Care about it, my Lord, and you will not be troubled with her. For on your communicating to me the Match proposed, and your acceptance of it, I saw that *Lucia's* Hopes were visionary, and could end only in her Wretchedness. Which I have prevented by causing her to take a slow Poison.

Unnatural Brother, cried the Count, it grieves me, that ever I received a Favour from thee, tell me quickly where is *Lucia*? that if possible, I may prevent the Consequences of thy atrocious Guilt; and, whatever becomes of all my former Engagements, I will grudge nothing for bringing her to Life; it is too late, said *Thomaso*, with a fainting Voice, and turning her languid Eyes towards the Count, I am that *Lucia*, and am dying.

Don *Bertrand* made the Palace ring with calling for help, but *Lucia* unhappy Maid! expired; in her Pocket was found

a Letter intended for her Brother, whose Name she had borrowed. The Words of it were these :

‘ **W** Herever thou art, unworthy  
 ‘ Son of the generous *Linto*, to  
 ‘ thee is owing the Death of thy poor  
 ‘ Sister. Hadst thou not declared against  
 ‘ performing our Father’s last Will, hadst  
 ‘ thou not assumed to thyself for sup-  
 ‘ porting thy Debaucheries, the Effects  
 ‘ which thou wast to remit to Don *Ber-*  
 ‘ *trand de Ormes*, poor *Lucia* would never  
 ‘ have seen the most lovely, the most  
 ‘ worthy of Men. In discharging this  
 ‘ Duty I have ruined myself, Wretch  
 ‘ that thou art, blame me if thou darest,  
 ‘ or repent if thou canst? I have seen  
 ‘ Don *Bertrand*, who, for you, might have  
 ‘ perished in the utmost Wretchedness.  
 ‘ My Love, I make no doubt had its  
 ‘ source in Compassion : his transcendent  
 ‘ Merit fixed it. I know not whether  
 ‘ this Love was not a Virtue. Yet I  
 ‘ have punished myself for it, not that  
 ‘ Don *Bertrand* slighted me, no, he never  
 ‘ so much as knew me : I went in quest  
 ‘ of

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' of him in your Cloaths and under your  
 ' Name, all my Intent being to assist him,  
 ' without any thought of Love; on per-  
 ' ceiving that I loved him, as it were  
 ' more for his sake than my own, my  
 ' Disguise encouraged me to conceal it,  
 ' and I was not sorry, that the Honour of  
 ' my affectionate Attendance on him was  
 ' attributed to you. It was enough for  
 ' *Lucia* that she loved *Don Bertrand*, he  
 ' the mean while knowing nothing of it.  
 ' I loved him with all possible Tender-  
 ' ness. I had the Pleasure of telling him  
 ' so, and of giving him continual Proofs  
 ' of it, without putting the Modesty of  
 ' my Sex to the blush. To the too strict  
 ' Concealments of this unfortunate Pas-  
 ' sion, my Death is owing; had *Don Ber-*  
 ' *trand* thought he loved *Lucia* and not  
 ' *Thomaso*, he certainly would not have  
 ' entered into an Engagement which  
 ' overwhelmed me with Despair. As he  
 ' regarded *Thomaso's* Zeal, he might have  
 ' regarded my Affection, as he had made  
 ' the Son of his Domestic his Friend, he  
 ' might not have been above being the  
 ' Husband of his Daughter. His Soul  
 ' was



' was none of those who insult over their  
 ' Inferiors, it rejoiced in communicating  
 ' his Dignity to them ; but this fatal En-  
 ' gagement has been brought to a Con-  
 ' clusion, and unfortunately for me, my  
 ' Jealousy would have been without Excuse ;  
 ' all the Merit I had towards Don *Bertrand*,  
 ' was my Sensibility, what was that com-  
 ' pared to the Beauty and Accomplish-  
 ' ments of Donna *Stella*. My Love did  
 ' not flatter me, I saw that nothing re-  
 ' mained but to keep my Secret and die.  
 ' This Resolution I soon formed, fearful  
 ' of becoming guilty had I lived longer ;  
 ' I seized the instant of what Virtue re-  
 ' mained in me, that I might carry to the  
 ' Grave a Heart, the Love of which might  
 ' not disgrace the most excellent of Men.  
 ' The Poison which I took some Days ago  
 ' has gradually preyed upon my Strength,  
 ' and now I feel its Progresses within  
 ' me ; but the Approach of my last  
 ' Hour, I meet without Terror or Dis-  
 ' quiet. My Love is free from Remorse,  
 ' this being the only Crime it ever led  
 ' me to ; Heaven forgive your Share in  
 ' it. I love Don *Bertrand*, I love my  
 ' Rival,

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‘ Rival, and I die, that by loving one  
‘ too much I may not cease to love the  
‘ other.’

Don *Pedro*, who read the Letter could not go through it without Tears, while the gentle Donna *Stella* was greatly affected, but more particularly the Count *de Ormes*. This Letter was no small Addition to the Compassion excited in them by this sorrowful Spectacle, which in its turn heightened the force of the pathetic Epistle.

After standing some time motionless; and with streaming Eyes viewing *Lucia*’s cold Body, the Prince withdrew to the Princess’s Apartment, where they remained plunged in the deepest Grief, answering each other’s Thoughts only by their Sighs. Don *Bertrand* judged rightly that Donna *Stella*, too much affected by this dismal Event, had need of some Diversion from her Grief, beyond the talk of her Women, staid himself with her while Don *Pedro* went to give Orders for the mournful Funeral. They set a long time absorbed in Reflection, both secretly  
ruminating

ruminating the same Design, without daring to explain themselves. At last, the Princess fearing that the Count would want Courage to avow his real Disposition, broke Silence first, and thus addressed him.

“ My Lord Count, says she, I have Reason to think that you know me, I am sincere. Therefore answer frankly to what I am going to say. The late Event must have wounded you deeply. The Behaviour of the unfortunate *Lucia*, her Death as brave as deplorable, the delicate Sentiments of her Letter, must make on you an Impression which effaces all Love. It must be so, and I commend you for it: and were it otherwise, you would greatly suffer in my Esteem. For me this terrible Catastrophe will affect me while I live, I look upon myself as the innocent Cause of it. And I must say, that new Terrors would start up before me were I to conclude a Design which has been the Death of a Rival more deserving of you than myself; not that, if you are determined on our Union, I should fear her Idea having any considerable share in your

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Heart; I know that our Alliance would extinguish in you all melancholy Remembrance of her; but I dare not hope that I myself shall not disturb its Sweetness, *Lucia's* Image will for ever haunt me, her Lamentations will ever be ringing in my Ears; then something is due to her for the Sacrifice of her Life, and in return for the Loss of her Youth. I can do no less than free you from all Engagements, at the same time, it is the greatest Sacrifice in my Power, I resign you entirely to her Memory. Honour her, I myself will assist you in it. We will talk together of this heroic Victim; whereas were I your Wife, I might be mean enough to require you to forget her."

Don *Bertrand* did not conceal from Donna *Stella*, that he really thought he should not be able to efface from his Soul, the deplorable Scene that had so lately happened, he made no Secret of telling her, that his Grief was as tender, as if he had been attached to *Lucia* by a long and violent Passion, and that perhaps this singular Affection would be the more permanent, as it was no longer  
subject



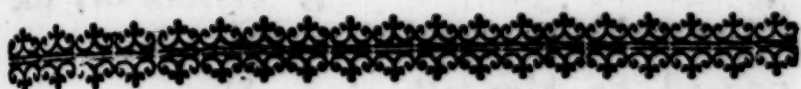
subject to the Vicissitudes of Life. This is, said he, the true State of my Sentiments, I have nothing to reproach myself with. You are sensible I engaged myself to you only on the footing of a calm Esteem, I promised none of those Raptures and Flights which with many Beauties, are the most pleasing Tribute which their Charms receive. I finding myself no longer susceptible of these violent Impulses, I could the better insure my Constancy and Fidelity. Your Dispositions towards me, if more lively, required nothing beyond that tranquil Complacency, and we should have lived as happy as most Pairs; but this deplorable Catastrophe overthrows all such Hopes; I am no more myself, my Soul is all Horror and Confusion, it is alienated from Happiness, uncapable of giving or receiving Gladness. You have been so very kind as to save me much Confusion; you have anticipated my Disorder, and even approved of it. You discharge me from my Promises; yet if more acceptable to you I shall conform to them. You have still the same ascendancy over my Heart. Your Charms, your Virtues still

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appear in the same glorious Lusture, yet what you proposed to me, perhaps, purely from condescension to my Weakness, I accept from Esteem for you and a Dread that I may fail in suitable returns for such Delicacy. Then the slightest Remembrance of the Unfortunate *Lucia*, the most involuntary thought of her End, would be criminal. May you be blessed in a Hymen preceded by every happy Augur, and may they be verified in your compleat and uninterrupted Felicity in a long Succession of shining Years.



Z O R O E



Z O R O E

AND

PHILAMITE;

OR,

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

**Z**OROE possessed every thing a Mortal could reasonably desire, Youth, Wealth, Honours, Health, and as the Crown of all, a beautiful Wife; what then could be wanting to compleat Zoroe's Happiness? For happy he was not. Zoroe had a Desire to become immortal; it was in his Power; but the Terms of

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obtaining it were so difficult, that he despaired of ever attaining his Wish; the Fates which presided at his Birth had poured on him all their Favours, like they he had the Elements at his command, a magical Sceptre accomplished all his Desires, and by its powerful Efficacy, he instantly performed whatever he wished. His Subjects adored his mild Government, and loved him as their Father; but it was written in the Book of Fate, that, after being married three Years, he should die; and that only the Grief of his Wife should be able to restore him to Life; and then he was never to die a second time. The fatal Moment approached: *Philamite*, ignorant of her Husband's Destiny, was now on being put to the Test; for it was likewise ordained, during the Year of her Widow-hood, she should be solicited by a Croud of Suitors, and what was still worse, the Soul of *Zoroe* wandering about his Tomb was to perceive *Philamite's* whole Behaviour. His tender Treatment of her during the three Years of Marriage, had indeed given her great Hopes of the like after his Revival,

but



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but these Hopes might prove delusory; Widowhood is not without its Conveniences, the Sex is weak, it is charged even with Levity and Giddiness, so that well might *Zoroe* fear he should miss of his Immortality. In fine he died: his Obsequies were very superb, and nothing was omitted that could do Honour to his Memory.

*Philamite* in a mourning Robe, and with dishevelled Hair, spent whole Nights and Days at the Tomb of *Zoroe*; her Tears were ever streaming, and her Grief was sincere. What joy to the Shade of her dear Spouse! six Months were now elapsed; and still *Philamite* wished herself in the Regions of Death with her *Zoroe*, her Women could scarce persuade her to take the least Nourishment. No, said she, no, our Hearts cannot be divided in Death: Illustrious and dear Spouse, thou breathest under this Marble; I grasp it, and fondly fancy my Embraces will recall you to Life. These lugubrious Spoils of thy Power, this Diadem, this enchanted Scepter, and this Sword, the only Re-

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mains of a Husband who adored me, shall be placed on high as Trophies to you, over the Tomb which to me shall henceforth be the only Altar.

Among those who would have dried up the Tears of *Pbilamite* was the impatient *Alcautor*, he was very urgent with *Pbilamite* to answer his Passion. Is it not time, said he to her, to put an end to this excessive Grief? The care of your Dominions, the Wishes of your Subjects, every thing calls on you to put a Period to a Grief of such ill consequence. Why, thus destroy your Youth and Beauty? What Husband can more deserve Sorrow! cried *Pbilamite*, and who knows better than yourself that my just Tears ought never to cease! Ah! Madam, replied *Alcautor*, your Bewailings will never reach the Abodes of the Dead, waste not such precious Sighs, it is the Order of Heaven to make the best of those happy Days which it allots you, and not throw away on Grief, what is due to Pleasure. This Tomb, replies *Pbilamite* encloses all that is dear to me: my greatest Happiness is  
to

to wet it with my Tears; I fancy I see that dear Husband again, he stretches out his Arms, and I hear his Voice tenderly calling me: It was I that closed his Eyes, he expired uttering my Name, and his last Words spoke the strength of his Affection; alas! did he but know into what dreadful Abyss the Loss of him plunges his unhappy Spouse! Our Hearts after being united in Love, Destiny should not thus have severed? What a sad Stroke for two Lovers whom *Hymen* had just crowned? His Virtue, his Constancy, merits all the Tears which I shall never cease shedding over his Tomb! Yes, Madam, your Grief is just; but was *Zoroe* alone sensible of your Charms? Others admired you no less: Being constrained to sigh in secret, your Choice obliged me to seek relief in Absence; the Happiness of your Spouse threw me into Despair; Glory was then my Aim, the Laurels reaped by me in the Field of War, to which all those Days I could not enjoy with you were sacrificed, have not been able to conquer the Passion

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you had inspired me with. The Decease of your Husband revived my Hope; and since he is no longer my Rival, suffer the Flame that has been kindled by your Charms to blaze before you; and let its Purity incline your Heart in my Favour. The Tears of mourning Beauty should be dried up only by the Heat of Love; What do I hear! what talk is this, *Alcautor*? Have you so little regard to my Grief? Your Reproaches, said he to her, are ineffectual, long did my Heart, oppressed with the Load of its Anguish, dread displeasing you, amidst a torturing Silence it longed to speak, I once more was for flying from you, I could not, and as little can extinguish the Fire which consumes me; I cannot even recall a Declaration though it displeased you. Fly me *Alcautor*, seek not to deserve my Hatred, for hate you I shall—All this is too much, Madam, my Passion is crossed by a Rival, who is now no more, yet am I not able to break the fatal Chain which holds me a miserable Captive. Well, this unhappy Life must have a speedy end; ex-

ult



ult thou cruel Woman in the Torments you make me suffer, glory that a Lover has fallen a Victim to your Disdain; at these Words stabbing himself with his Sword he fell at *Philamite's* Feet. How, cried this charming Widow! this Lover could not bear my refusal of his Love, and I can bear to live after my Husband's Death. Oh my *Zoroe*, soon shall we be joined inseparably, then snatched up *Zoroe's* Sword, but at the Instant she was going to fall on it, a loud Crash alarmed her, the Tomb opened; and *Zoroe* issuing from it ran into *Philamite's* Arms; once again behold dear Spouse the Object of your tender Love. By your means I triumph over Death, but the rising to Immortality gives me less Joys than the Sight of such an affectionate and faithful Wife. Then, to begin his Revival with an act of Clemency, taking the enchanted Septer in his Hand, he laid it on his Rival and restored him to Life, by the same invisible Power. The fatal Passion *Alcautor* had conceived for *Philamite* was entirely extinguished. This Prince acknowledged

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knowned, with Admiration, Zorae's Generosity, which extended itself further, for knowing him possessed of many amiable as well as eminent Qualities, negotiated a Match for him with one of the most beautiful Princess's of the Court.



THE



T H E

MISANTHROPE

R E C L A I M E D.

A Letter acquainting the worthy *Ausonius* that a considerable Post had been conferred on him filled the whole Company with Joy, indeed in few Places had his Friendship been known to shine with such a pure and uniform Radiancy. This being the last Night of his stay, a Motion had been made for intermitting the Tales that they might more largely enjoy the Pleasures of his real Conversation, and expatiate on the Complacency each felt at his Advancement. I cannot part on ill Terms with the Ladies, and to expiate what might have offended them

in

in the preceding Tales, I must beg leave to add one Narrative which I know to be true, and some particulars are mentioned in one of my Yesterday's Letters; I shall be concise, and then we will rise to more exalted Pleasures, to the cordial Reciprocations of a disinterested and virtuous Friendship, founded on a Similarity of praise-worthy Sentiments.

Mr. *de Fortia* has lately married at *Paris*, the most accomplished Woman which propitious Destiny ever bestowed on a Man of Worth. A few Months after this happy Marriage he brought her to *Caen*, where a very considerable Employment has probably fixed him for Life. On seeing Mrs. *De Fortia*, we thought her a Deity, and on conversing with her our Admiration encreased, that we could not forbear expressing to her how happy we thought ourselves in such a Neighbour. The sublimity of her Genius gives her indeed something of a serious Turn, yet she every Day favoured our Diversions with her Presence, and all the People of Fashion in the City made it their Study to consult her Pleasure; but



but in the midst of Joy and Festivity a Person came to Town, from whom we apprehended all that's bad; this was no other than a President of Parliament, Brother to Mr. *Fortia*, the President was looked on with an evil Eye by all our City; but this Aversion was too harsh and even unjust, he had rather a Claim to Pity, than deserved Hatred. He was indeed a very saturnine, ill-natured Man, very litigious and dangerous; but these Vices are the Effect of very trying Misfortunes which had embittered his Mind; that however natural it might be to hate him, it was not so equitable. He was just arrived from the Country, whither a hatred of himself had for some Days past driven him, and now the same hatred brings him back. The Resolutions of a distempered Heart are ever fluctuating.

Mr. *de Fortia* had a proper Love for his Brother, but did not love to see him. He could not well avoid notifying his Marriage to him, and this indispensable regard the President improved into a handle for his unwelcome return. He had spoke to his Wife of him only in general, but now it became

became necessary to give a particular Delination of him. This Temper, bad as it is, said Mrs. *de Fortia*, may be humanised; I fancy, right Measures have not been taken with it. By your leave, I will make a trial, without seeming to have any such Drift; Wonders I know are not beyond your power, answered the Husband, but here I am afraid you will fail. My Brother has been so long deceived by Women, that an extreme Contempt of them has struck deep Root in him; and whoever despises Women is insensible of Graces. Neither are Graces the way that I intend to go to work, replied she; I should fear the Effect of them, with regard to myself; and under such a Fear, acquit myself but awkwardly. There are other Remedies. Having been unhappy, he must have felt, and it is not of a sudden, if ever, that all Sensibility is lost; perhaps only his Mind has been spoken to, and the Seat of the Disease is in his Heart.

Mr. *de Fortia* gave up the Point, and the very next Day presented his Brother to her. He is near Fifty, of a Stature above the Common, a noble Presence,  
but

but his Lineaments and Features, at that time, much altered for the worse, by a Habit of Gloom and Acerbity, abrupt in Deportment, and abusive in his Speech. He took no pains to conceal the Waywardness of his Mind; his Looks spoke Acrimony; but amidst all, the suffering disturbed Man plainly appears, that his Faults might be looked on only as the Effects of a continual Fever.

His Compliment to Mrs. *Fortia* did not want Politeness; and to her a Savage would show Civility. Her Answer was full of modesty. He seated himself by her, and after surveying her with much earnestness, said: My Brother has made an exceeding good Choice; I do not know where he could have married a more lovely Woman, and continuing this free Strain, which proceeds from habitual Impertinence: It is said, you love him, Madam; if he can believe this Love to be as real, as it appears to be, he is as happy a Man as treads on *French* Ground  
 —Then, answered she with a most amiable Sweetness, he has nothing more to wish, for sure he is of being loved;  
 indeed,

indeed, after what he has done for me, I should be very ungrateful, not to love him. So he cannot but be easy because otherwise you would be ungrateful; small is the Force of Duty when Restraint is annexed to it; your Sex cannot bear Chains. Mrs. *de Fortia* seeing no good was to be done without chyming in with his way of thinking, prudently let him vent his Spleen against her Sex, and instead of replying, smiled — Is it not so? Madam, continued he, you Women are of a strange Cast, I see you yourself will not side with them. That Equity of yours shows a well-turned Mind; you and I may possibly live easy together.

The Fever was not so incessant, as to be totally without lucid Intervals. In his Sister-in-law's Company he appeared to be placid and conversable; that Mr. *de Fortia* conceived some Hopes of the Miracle which his Spouse had undertaken to perform; but this promising Dawn of a fair Day became overcast, the Fogs again rose, and his Brutality did not spare Mrs. *de Fortia* herself. This did not discourage her; indeed, she had the Success so much



at Heart, that she would have made head against greater Difficulties. A time fell out when this morose Man could not forbear owning that he was not fit for Society, and that some things in him could not but be extremely shocking. Mrs. *de Fortia*, aware that this was the critical Time for taking him at his Word, answered with a sympathizing Seriousness, I have heard that you have been unhappy; and are you then to wonder that your Mind and Temper have undergone some alteration? But I am persuaded, that you will not always be so; Oh ever Madam, answered he, it is only with my Life, that the Causes of my Distemper will cease; I would not have them cease, they keep up the just Hatred that I have for all Mankind——But this Hatred, whence now you may derive some Consolation, would die away, were your Ideas to take a chearful turn, and if you will allow me to speak my Mind freely, I am persuaded that there is a Remedy, for your Condition——What Remedy, Madam; to be effectual, they must be equal to the Distempers, which they are to cure,

cure, and believe me, the Sense of what I now endure, and of what I have endured, is too horrid, too deeply engraven in my Heart for any human Effort to eradicate, or so much as soften——That is what I cannot believe, replied Mrs. de Fortia, and I will even take on me to say, charge me who will with Vanity and Self-conceit, that I have Discernment enough to see there are Remedies, and those certain and infallible—— But what are they? Where are they, Madam? in Reflection, Brother, in a thorough Enquiry into the Causes of the Unhappiness of human kind, and of the Advantages annexed to this Unhappiness; I am not ignorant of those Reflections, replied he, interrupting her; I have not indeed dwelled on them, close Reflection is what we are not capable of under very keen Sufferings, but I have read a great deal, I have met with a thousand fine Declamations on Adversity; I read them all, and wished to relish them, but not one made any Impression on me. There is no general Comfort against particular Sufferings. I have lent an Ear to Persons of Wit, but who seemed to sympathize

pathize with me only to shew their Wit, or from some selfish Views; I have been plagued by those officious Creatures who go about making a tender to every Body of the solacements of their Rhetorick, and by another set who would be thought to feel the Grievs of all the afflicted, and perhaps are in reality the most void of feeling, the most obdurate of any People in the World. Despicable Hypocrites! but I took care they should not wrong me, so much as to imagine that they were capable of comforting me; not but I allow, continued he, that there are Persons of such Genius and Goodness, that their Reflections would command my Regard, and they might be of benefit to me; for instance, Madam, you yourself might entertain such a Hope, your Talents warrant it; but shall I tell you what I at present think of my Mind, it is entirely prepossessed against Reasonings; it is persuaded that the Compassion of Men is without any manner of Sincerity; and that even in the severest Misfortunes they think for us only from Self-love. A Discourse, to do me any good, must have been

been composed by Sensibility and conducted by Reason, it must blend the Motions of Humanity with profound Ideas; it must make me feel that the Author knows my Condition, is penetrated with it, and that he sincerely would inspire me with Fortitude to overcome the fatal Fascination of an habitual Grief. Could I meet with such a one, it would perhaps go a great way towards my Recovery; but again, Madam, where shall I meet with this? Who will habituate himself to melancholy Sentiments, for a Wretch proscribed by the publick Opinion, to which such a Deference is paid; no such Generosity is to be expected, and, perhaps, very few are capable of the Execution.

Mrs. *de Fortia* felt a mixture of Concern and Pleasure; this Acknowledgement seemed to her a Confirmation of her own Ideas; the Business now was to give Force to her Sentiments, by connecting them with a certain Number of self-evident Principles; and to this not many were so equal, but she did not love writing; she had an innate Indolence, and feared the Jealousy of the Women, that she could not bring herself



herself to compose; besides, she thought that it would be sufficient for her to press on him her Thoughts as they might daily occur, and this was the Party she took; but it was not the same thing.

She for several Days, had now constantly administred her Remedy: There were Instants when she perceived it operated. The President came to her every Morning; he was for finding her alone, and told her so, he highly commended her Understanding and Elocution; you are the only Person, said he, whom since my Misfortune I can forgive for being possessed of any thing contributing to Happiness. But all this produced nothing, he came and went with all his Vices and Disquietudes.

One Day as she was absorbed in melancholy Thoughts on such a dreadful Condition, Mr. *de Fortia* came into her Room with the Look and Gestures of extreme Rage; the asking him the Reason, he said, my Passion does not come up to the Cause of it; there is my Brother, whom you thought so much mended, has filled up the Measure of his Infamy by a most iniquitous

iniquitous Decree. This is not the first of the kind, but by far the most enormous, there will be a necessity of annulling it, and that, besides the Wickedness of the thing in itself, is so scandalous that I am out of all Patience at it. The Cause was so simple, the Right so clear and positive—Ah, Madam continued he, you might have saved me this Anguish, he told you that it was in your Power to humanize his barbarous Temper; why then have not you done so? why have you had no Pity on me your Husband—Mrs. *de Fortia* interrupted him, with a Promise of doing what he desired, and immediately fell to writing. Soon after, in comes the President; though she did not let him know what she was about, she took him to task concerning the Decree which made such a Noise all over the City, and he seemed to listen to her. The Heart was not exempt from Guilt, and he allowed it. You are in the right, said he, but this Man was happy; he has known nothing of Misfortunes and Sufferings; I could not bear a Condition which gave me a more torturing Sense of Mind, and so I passed  
this

this Decree. What she said may be easily guessed: however he took nothing amiss, and at going away told her, I might charge you with part of the Sentiments which prevailed in me at passing this unjust Decree; you knew the Principles of them, you knew the Remedy for them, yet would you not combat them; perhaps one in my Condition was intitled to a little more Pity.

This Reproach hurried her to her Closet, where reflecting that she had deserved it by her Supineness and blameable Apprehensions, she sat down to write the Discourse, and never left of till she had brought it to a Period; she sent it to him with the following Letter; her Husband in the mean time knowing nothing of these Proceedings.

“ My dear Brother,

**I** Comply with your Will, I embrace the Hopes which you give me. I have wrote what I have thought on, and just as I thought. It is the Call of Nature which speaks here, and the manner is no other than what it inspires into those in whom she causes herself to be felt, it is an Ex-

perience of a long standing, that he who knows how to speak to the Heart sufficiently pleases the Mind; but it is also a long time since this has been forgot; this is a general Misfortune. I might carry this Reflection farther; it is easy to argue wittily against the abuse of Wit; but I am more bent on acting than reasoning, ——— whenever you feel a fit of Anguish coming on, digest the Truth of the Maxims you are going to read; impress them on your Heart; and take my Word for it, you will find yourself considerably relieved. Further, say to yourself in those gloomy Seasons, that the greatest and most worthy Men have been unfortunate. Surely it is no small Comfort that amidst Sufferings, you can say to yourself, among those who have been in the same State with myself, many were the Admiration of the World. Besides, you see that it is generally the most distinguished Merit that Fortune assails; and do you think that, were we properly disposed, great Solacements might not be drawn from this Thought alone? I won't venture on tiring you with a Prolix Letter, but certainly, Brother, if all you read in the annexed Discourse, could impregnate your  
 Mind



Mind, your Cure would be certain; I say, your Cure, for that your Condition may be properly termed a Disease, is not to be questioned.

For God's Sake, my dear Brother, retire to Reflection, do yourself a little Violence, survey the Enjoyments before you which you reject. You are still in the Age of Pleasures, and you despise them. Your sole Resource can be in your Mind; and to that you leave only its cruel Power of rankling and injuring. I know that there is something of a Pleasure in a settled Melancholy, it creates in us an Aversion from Remedies; but when all the World represents to us that we are in a Condition worthy of Pity, we should think ourselves to be very Ill, and look on our Aversion from Remedies to be a Treachery of depraved Nature."

Mrs. *de Fortia* concluded that the next Day the President would be with her; she was disappointed in her Expectations; she sent to his House, and answer was brought that he was gone into the Country, she again thought this could be only for a Day or two; but a Week being

elapsed, and not a Word from him, she and her Husband were preparing to go to him, when Word was brought that Mr. *de Mirel*, that happy Gentleman against whom the President had a few Days before given an unjust Decree, wanted to speak with her.

I come, Madam, said he, to render you my most humble Thanks for your singular Behaviour towards me; twelve Thousand Livres have been brought me by an unknown Hand, and I immediately perceived your exalted Principles and Generosity; I was informed, Madam, that you had spoken strongly in my Favour to the President *de Fortia*, and had not my Heart guessed, beforehand that Act of Goodness alone would have informed me——This Money had not been sent by Mrs. *de Fortia*, and after some little reasoning, she convinced Mr. *de Mirel* that she had no Title to his Acknowledgements; but from whom could such a glorious Action come? The President was the only Person not dreamed of. His going away, and his Silence would not allow of the least thought that way. After various Con-  
jectures,

jectures, they concluded the Honour of it must belong to no other Person than Mr. *de Fortia*; and indeed this had a great air of Probability; but Mr. *de Fortia*, who came in that very Moment, declined it with such Candour and Frankness, that it plainly appeared he was not the Benefactor. In fine, Conjectures being now exhausted, Mr. *de Mirel* declared that he intended to lodge the twelve Thousand Livres with a Notary, and was on going away, when Word was brought of the President's being come.

Madam *de Fortia* was shocked at his Name, yet went to receive him, but seeing him with an open Countenance and a chearful Air, to which for a long Time he had been a Stranger, she said to him, You have terribly frightened me, and I was going to you, had not this Gentleman (shewing Mr. *de Mirel*) come to tell me a Piece of News, which I see you knew before me, I should have met you by the Way——Well, said he, bowing respectfully, let us know what this News is, which the Gentleman has been telling you; by your way of speaking I

find it concerns me.—She related the Affair to him, and when she came to the Acknowledgements Mr. *de Mirel* intended for her, he said, the Gentleman was perfectly right, the whole Acknowledgement of what has been sent to him is due to you, I indeed sent the twelve Thousand Livres, but you, Madam, was the Person who advised me to it, who put me on it, it is to your Documents that I owe this Amendment of my Error; from them I saw I had not done Justice to the Gentleman; that I had seen his Cause in a wrong Light; in a Word, that I had wronged him of five hundred *Louis*—Sir, continued he, turning to Mr. *de Mirel*, your Sensibility on this Occasion does you no less Honour, than if you had of your own accord sent such a Donation. As for my part I deserve no Thanks, I have done no more than what was my plain indispensable Duty.

This Speech filled them with Amazement; not a Word came from any one, and long had this Silence lasted, if Mr. *de Mirel*, whose Qualities rendered him worthy of the highest Fortune, had not thought  
that



that to feel was not sufficient. He declared to the President that he would not accept of the Gift he intended for him; if, says he, a Conformity to the Dictates of Humanity now appears to you so full of Delight, that you can even give up the Honour accruing to you from so singular a Procedure, why may not I also be allowed to feel in my turn, to act on the same point of Honour. It is, indeed, depriving you of part of your Pleasure, but this Sacrifice let me tell you, you owe me for the Vexation which the loss of my Process gave me. All Sollicitations, Disputes and Instances were lost on him, he adhered immoveably to his Claim; that there was no bringing him to accept of the Money. At length the Contest was terminated by a Proposal of Mr. *de Mirel*, that the five hundred *Louis* should be applied to some charitable Work, but the next Day, it was revived by a very unexpected Incident. The Adversary of Mr. *de Mirel*, who also was not without honourable Principles, convinced by the President's proceeding that he had gained his Cause rather from the President's forward

Temper than his Justice, would not avail himself of an Advantage so unwarrantably acquired, and hastened to signify his Resolution to Mrs. *de Fortia*. With him there was not so much Grounds for disputing as with Mr. *de Mirel*; at length it was most generously agreed on all Hands to join the two Sums as a Portion for a young Orphan, whose Welfare Mrs. *de Fortia* had very much at Heart, being the Daughter of an Officer, who bravely fell at *Minden*, and of a very excellent Lady. Thus this happy Event, and the President's return to the social Virtues, were the Fruits of a Woman's Genius.

In Vain are musty Morals taught in Schools  
 By rigid Masters, and as rigid Rules;  
 Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,  
 And frights the Pupils from its harsh Commands.  
 But Woman, charming Woman! can true  
     Converts make;  
 We Love the Precepts for the Teachers sake,  
 Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,  
 We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.

THE



THE  
EMPLOYMENT  
OF SOULS

After Separation from the Body.



THE

EMPLOYMENT

NOTICE





# EMPLOYMENT OF SOULS

After Separation from the Body.

A D R E A M,

By M. Rabiner, Chamberlain of *Dresden*.

**P**Hilosophy is not less subject to the overbearing Power of Fashion, than Manners and Dress. At present, *Optimism, The principle of Contradiction, The sufficient Reason* are in vogue, and perhaps To-morrow will be exploded. The *nihil est in intellectu quod prius non fuerit in Sensu*, has been a reigning Axiom for two thousand  
Years ;

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Years ; at present it is accounted a gross Error to think that we have no Ideas but such as are excited by the Senses ; it was also formerly a kind of Article of Faith that Souls, when separated from the Body, delighted in those things of which they had been fond whilst in this Life ; whereas, already, the number of the Partizans for that Article is perhaps very much diminished. For my part, it is my fixed Resolution to believe it, or at least to act as if I did. Were the Volumes of Philosophy to be here purified from what new Systems will hereafter expunge the Philosophers of the Age, which make the most goodly Appearance, would soon be reduced to the obsolete Aukwardness of *Ostrogoths*, and their Works sink into all the Disregard of old Family Pictures, which are removed into lumber Rooms. I must say it again, it delights me to think that Souls are busied, I am charmed, I am enraptured with this Idea, as the Poet in the Flame of Enthusiasm is with the Song or Anagram composed in praise of *Phyllis*. I enjoy whole Hours of inconceivable Delight, in considering that ex-  
alted

altered Sentiment in every View ; my Mind roves to immense Distances ; the Wildness of Imagination in a Man inebriated or asleep is nothing to mine in these Sallies. The Medley of detached Ideas which occurred to me in one of these enchanted Deliriums, I have termed a *Dream*. No Body knows better than myself what the Rules of Philology require to constitute a Dream deserving that Name ; yet I find, as in Things of more Importance, I have not quite acted up to my Knowledge. First the Mind is to be absorbed in deep Reflection, this musing brings on a Sleep. In a Dream many Things are said, which the Dreamer would not have said when awake, and in the alert Possession of his Senses, the Conclusion is a start or sudden awakening. Nothing of all this is my Case ; first I have not wrapped myself up in Musings, in conformity to the Method of our present Writers, and so far from sleeping, my Dream has infringed on some Quarters of an Hour of my Sleep, but whether my Readers may not have a somniferous Quality I cannot answer ; now as I did not sleep, it is evident that  
 what

what I may have thought or said, cannot be called a Dream literally speaking, and no less certain is it, that not having fallen asleep I did not awake, but in an allegorical Sense, I have slept, I have dreamt and did not think fit to awake myself till my Dream was wound up; as every Body will be convinced who will give himself the trouble of perusing it. *M. Icheppe* would have his Visions pass for geometrical Demonstrations, much more may I offer my Reveries to the World as a Dream. Only one Word more, on some irregular Liberties which I have allowed myself in the following Dream. I never bring my Souls on the Stage without Cloaths and the like Implements; only lest our *Beaux* and *Belles* should be out of Humour at my preciseness, be it known to them that all I shall bestow on the female Souls instead of a Solitaire, is only a slight Tippet. Very weighty are the Reasons which induce me to preserve to separated Souls their Habiliaments. To strip them of their glittering Robes! would it not be making great numbers consummately miserable; and could I have the Heart to confiscate



fiscate all gorgeous Waistcoats, how would many *high born* and *illustrious* Souls, who in their Life time to the eternal Honour of their Country and their Ancestors, annually figured at *Pyrmont* and other Spaws, be distinguished from the Dregs of the Populace. Were I, from a certain Neighbour of mine, the most chasty and keen Female of the Ward, to take her Ribbons, Laces, Patches, and other parts of her Wits, she in a philosophical Eternity, would be annihilated with Lassitude; and inexpressible would be the Agony of *Zelinda* at the very Thoughts of making her appearance in the other World without a Hoop or Fan. What a wretched Figure would our Foplings make, were I not to indulge them with their ogling Glasses, or if, in my pedantic Superciliousness, I debarred them Singing and Whistling. Far be from me such meculent Tyranny, they may sing and whistle with Pleasure, and *Zelinda* may now leave the World with Joy, for she shall be allowed to carry with her even her Lap Dog. The other Irregularities which may be taken Notice of in my Dream, are much more excusable,

for

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for instance, I have ventured to bring into our Country the Souls of Foreigners, and not without some Reason. If it be true that, after Death, Souls employ themselves in what they were most fond of doing in this Life, the manifest Consequence is that *German* Souls hie away to foreign Countries, and the Souls of some Foreigners repair hither. The Body of our learned professor *Quintus Calpurnius*, who has immortalized himself, at least for three Years, by his solid Notes, and the Authors which he has caused to be reprinted, still actually lives among the *German* Rabble; but his Eyes, his Words, and his whole Deportment evidence that his Soul is a great Way off; and I am much mistaken, if after its Separation from the Body, it did not immediately thrust itself under the Ruins of the antient *Latium*, or perhaps ferret among the learned Rubbish of *Greece*, there gratifying its noble Thirst for Antiquities. As to the Soul of the dapper red heeled Gentleman, that certainly is to be sought only at *Paris*, in the *Tuilleries*, unless, from its delicate Sense of Decency, it wings its  
Way

Way to *Versailles*, for the distinguishing Honour of presenting his Majesty's Shirt at his *Levee*, that being in this World the supreme object of his Desire; and indeed it is a Function for which all impartial and equitable Persons allow him to be the best qualified. Where then is the mighty Wonder, that the Souls of Foreigners should find something among us to exert their Curiosity; and allure them to honour dull *Germany* with their presence; for my part, I make no question of it. The Soul of *Durmann*, the Soul of *Bentley*, the heretical Soul of *Jurieu* will in more than one place of *Germany* meet with the most agreeable Occupations, besides hundreds of Members of the literary World rivalling them in their Attainments, and pretending to stand on an Equality with them in the Temple of Fame. I will not say, but *Addison* may have been more than once in my Closet, to behold the wry Faces a *German* makes in hammering out a Chronostic. May it not be the same with *French* Souls as with those of other Foreigners; though they are pleased to set our Wit and Sense

very

very low in Comparison of theirs, yet they readily allow our Bread to be nourishing, nay the more they revile and degrade us, the more do we pour forth our Benevolence on them, as a Parrot fares the better, when able to call his Master Cuckold, and his Mistress Whore. What is more natural, than that after their Death they should flock to a Country where to speak *French* is accounted the Criterion of Politeness, and makes amends for any other Defect, whether intellectual or moral. Who knows but while I am writing this, a flight of half-starved *Marquisses* are hovering over our City, calling us Names to get some Scraps from us; for all those Gentlemen have not the Modesty nor the Talents of the Marquis *D'Argen*.

After this Preamble, which must be allowed necessary, I believe I may now come to the point. I dreamt I was dead, the Body which my Soul had just left, and now laid out on my Bed, I looked on with no less indifference than on a Masquerade Dress, thrown aside on returning from a Ball, or than \*\*\*\* the Player  
looks



looks on his theatrical Garb, in which according to Occurrences he has stalked as a Sovereign or crouched as a Laquey. It may perhaps scarce be thought possible, that one can be so totally indifferent about our Case of Flesh, but in me the thing will not appear so very improbable. I was born and brought up at a small Town, in which the only Foplings were the Recorder's Son and the Town-clerk, and even their Airs did not take, by which my Mind has not been so far swayed by Example, as to make the Body its principal Concern. Another Circumstance is that the Shape and Appearance of my Body was not such as to puff me up with any great Conceit, and consequently to create much self-love. Accordingly my deceased Wife, who in her Life-time was acquainted with a great many Bodies, never I believe met with one among them all, which was not more to her liking than mine. In things cognizable by the Mind, rational Proofs I allow may be required, but in corporeal Points, the Decisions of experienced Women, and such my Wife was, may be relied on.

This

This Digression has been the more necessary, as an Historian's chief Care should be to obviate any suspicion of the Truth of his Narratives; I therefore promise myself that the Reader, taking my Word, will not in the least question my Soul's indifference for its Body. *Chloris* may and welcome; for *Chloris* is wholly taken up about her's; so that she has my free leave not to Credit me; but in return she will also give me leave to promulgate, that after her Death, a dreadful Word to a Toast! her Soul will be incessantly hovering about her Toilet, Looking-glass, and Body, and perhaps make the Decking of it, even when in the Coffin, her most delightful Amusement. I now return to myself.

On seeing my Body thoroughly Dead, my first flight was to my Scrutoire, here *Chloris* will cry out, that's just what I thought, those splenetic Authors are continually snarling at our Toilets, and they themselves at their Scrutoire commit Weaknesses, which ours scarce come up to. Are not the uses on which they lavish their Pens and Paper much more frivolous than those of our white and red; how  
are

are they tickled with the supposed Beauty of Genius in their Productions, but always with much less certainty than we admire that of our Features in a Looking-glass. Their self-love, their Pride, their Passion for pleasing, their Jealousy—All that is very true, *Cbloris*, but at present for God sake give me leave to proceed with my Narrative. I had left on my Desk the Sketch of a Work drawn out the Evening before my Death, and was for snatching up my Pen with that Eagerness from which I am no more exempt than many other Writers, in order to finish the important Composure, but how was I struck to find that my Soul, being a Spirit, could not take up the Pen, much less write. Here indeed Words are wanting to express my Consternation, and if there be any Anguish comparable to what I felt, it must be that of a Poet, when in quest of a Rhime, which seems to fly from him. Seven times and seven times more did I try to write, and as often failed. I was for finding out some Article in a Table of Heads, which had stood me in special stead in my literary

Pro-

Productions; here also I felt my inability; now closing my Hands, I bewailed my Bookseller, my Country and Posterity, on the irreparable loss of my intended Work. As some Relief I hastened to my Library, where with a Fondness truly paternal, I surveyed all the Books which owe their Existence to my indefatigable Fingers. Whoever is acquainted with the Raptures of a Father past begetting more Children, and admiring in his own grown up Offspring a Genius and Capacity which no body else sees in them, knows something of my state, whilst viewing my Books.

This delightful Contemplation was interrupted by the Exultations of my impatient Heirs, who threw themselves as eagerly on my Bed, as Ravens on a Prey. Is he indeed really dead? cried they! ay, God be praised as dead as a Door Nail. Here you, *Harry*, run quickly to the Undertaker's, called out one of my Nieces, who made herself sure of inheriting from me those Graces and Talents which Nature had denied her, and of finding in my Fortune, Beauty, Merit and Woers. This  
tender



tender Niece of mine dissolved in Tears,  
 and with lifted up Hands said, ah! my  
 poor dear Uncle! how kind and affection-  
 ate he was! he's gone to Heaven if ever  
 Man did—it does not become us to  
 envy him his Happiness!—This was  
 the Signal for plundering: the first Assault  
 was made on my strong Box; then vio-  
 lent Hands were laid on my Cloaths and  
 Furniture, and all was thrown together  
 in a Room, which as I overheard, my  
 Heirs intended should be sealed by a Man  
 whose Name I have forgot, but whose  
 Probity was attested by a large Seal pen-  
 dant at an Instrument, with many respec-  
 table Signatures. With perfect indiffe-  
 rence had I hitherto beheld this Clutter,  
 but when I saw my Papers were going to  
 be handled, I trembled every Joint. Every  
 little scrap was carefully looked into.  
 All these which bore this Inscription, *I*  
*acknowledge myself indebted to M. Rabiner*  
*the Sum of—*, or three Months after  
 date, I promise to pay to Mr. *Rabiner* the  
 Sum of—were laid by with a reverential  
 Sedulity, but terrible long Faces did they  
 make at some Memorandums of a con-  
 trary

trary Tenour. Now my Manuscripts were to take their turn; this threw me into a Flame, and in my Heat I flew to rescue them; alas! my Efforts would have little availed; but fortunately my Nephew, though a Master of Arts, could make nothing of them, and ordered them to be thrown under the Table, saying, they were no better than waste Paper.

My Funeral was a Concern not to be delayed, accordingly, no sooner had the Taylor, Mantua-maker and Milliner dispatched the several woeful Articles, which impart such a Gloom to farfical Mourners, the Money flew to huddle me out of his House, and very numerous was the Procession. My Corpse being deposited in the Church, an Orator, to whom I suppose my Heirs had given a sketch of their Uncle's Endowments, ascends the Pulpit. Though during my whole Life I had always been very well pleased with myself, yet was I not without some doubt whether I was really the Subject of his Harangue. I looked every where to see if there might not be some other Deceased to whom such Encomiums belonged; but,

but, at length I perceived that it was of my own dear self he was speaking; I was Eminent, Illustrious, Learned, a Virtuoso, a Macenas, and all for twelve Ducats, the usual Fee for a genteel Funeral Sermon, then he exhausted above twenty rhetorical Figures, to depaint the overwhelming Grief in which this Death had involved the sympathizing Relatives of the Deceased, whilst they, not to give the Lye in the Face of the whole Congregation, in Gratitude to his Praises, had the Modesty to hide their Faces under the funeral Crape. He communicated to them some devout Receipts, very efficacious, as he said, for stopping excessive Tears. Hitherto I had heard him with Patience, but in the Sequel he broke out beyond Measure, he protested and swore, until he seemed to look black in the Face, that I had soared like an Eagle to all the Heights of Literature, and that I had been a most benign Patron of Science, the Support of oppressed Merit, the Father of the Poor, and the Relief of the Destitute. He added, that the rare Felicity of my conjugal Union with my deceased Wife, had been a manifest Re-

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compence of my transcendent Virtues. Rise, cried he, come forth from thy Grave, ye respectable Ashes of the deceased Lady, Dame----Heavens! what a Thunder Clap was this to hear my Wife called forth from her silent Mansion, where, thank God, she had been at rest for Years past! I betook myself to my Heels, without so much as once daring to look behind.

Lest these respectable Ashes might pursue me, away I shot up into the middle Region of the Air, where, to my Amazement, I saw a prodigious Multitude of devoted Souls, and no less was I astonished at the Oddness and Singularity of their Occupations; for want of some Body to enquire of, I was a considerable time on the Tenters. The first who took notice of my surprize, was, I suppose a sopling Soul; without the least previous Acquaintance, it came flying to me, and after a most familiar Embrace, said, dear Sir, your most obedient, I kiss your Hands a thousand times; overjoyed am I to see you here! can I have the Happiness to be serviceable to you in any thing? Pray do me the justice to think that I am yours  
without



without reserve. I know not any thing in the whole World would give me so much Delight as an Opportunity of serving you. You may rely both on my Readiness and Discretion, don't imagine this to be a mere Compliment, Words of course. Upon my honour, I am all Sincerity. At any time do but speak the Word, and 'tis done. Here a second Hug; but when I was just going to thank it for such obliging Offers, it wheeled about, whistled, and in filing off hummed a *French* Song of which I only rember these Words:

Je quitterai le jour

Plutot que mon amour

Quand j'uisne, quand faime - - -

I observed the deceased Fopling had scarce turned his Back on me but he made the like Protestations to another Soul, in all Appearance no more known to him than I was; at last he left her with as little Ceremony as me: This led me to conclude that his sole Employment was to make such frivolous Tenders of Friendship.

This Adventure only increased my Perplexity; the next who accosts me thought I, may be no better. Amidst these Fluc-

tuations I perceived as it were, at my Elbow, a Soul wrapped up in a most attentive Observation, far beyond what Curiosity can excite. Amidst all the settled Seriousness of his Countenance, some glimmerings of Irony now and then broke forth; even in its Laughter there was a Dignity which expressed Pity and Benevolence. Had her Visage been broad and short I should immediately have concluded it to be no other than *the English Spectator*; however, at length, I ventured to open myself to her; I signified to her my Perplexity as a Stranger, and desired Information; she appeared pleased with my Address and taking me by the Hand, said, be easy, I will soon satisfy you; my only Pleasure is to observe the Ways of departed Souls, as when alive I did those of my Countrymen; I pointed out to them their Aberrations, and inculcated the Principles of Virtue and Happiness. Follow me, says she, and whatever will be really for your good you shall know. I desired to know her Name; she told it me, but on a Promise, that to no Person dead or living, I should ever reveal it; and with  
my

my Readers leave, I will keep my Word, for separated Souls have something more Discretion than Lovers.

Now, at some Paces from us I saw a vast Concourse of Souls, and the Bustle made me desirous to draw nearer; this my Guide at first advised me against, assuring me that many a good Soul had paid dear for mingling with such a Canaille, however my Curiosity being pertinacious, he complied: but, said he, I must above all things first know whether you are a Poet? That Doubt struck me to the Heart: And when living I would not have advised any one to have asked me such a Question. The sensible Grief for the Loss of my Manuscripts now return on me, and I was so silly as to be hurrying away to fetch my printed Works; when my Guide, knowing what I was upon, cast such a grave Look at me, as quite confounded me, and this was the first Blush which my being an Author had ever raised in me; all I answered was, and this with Fear and Trembling, that, when conversant in the World, I had no dislike to Poetry. So much the better, replied he,

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for without some Acquaintance with the Humours and Extravagances of Poets, every thing in the Region we are now entering into, would be a Mystery, it being intirely peopled by Poets. You will see strange Objects; in this Place, you would swear Nature had forgot herself; not a single Action is done in its natural way: the Mode of thinking is quite different from any where else. The whole Country continued he, is influenced by a Soul, whose predominant itch was for Preeminence. His Actions, the Tenour of his Life are more like a Vision than any thing else; instead of quietly enjoying the Reputation which his Talents had justly acquired, he has sacrificed his Quiet and Character to sinistrous Cabals and Intrigue.

Such was my Impatience to be among the inspired Train, that, instead of listening any longer to my Guide, I took him by the Hand, and we made our way through the Croud. I beheld a Soul treading a very lofty Stage in all the tinsel Glitter of a Quack, that I had concluded him to be such, till told that he was a Quack-Wit. His Stage was built in a  
Place



Place, whence he could see every thing, and be seen by every Body; the Architecture Gothic and superlatively ridiculous; not the least Symetry or Relation among the Embellishments, of which otherwise some were Sculpture of admirable Workmanship; my Guide assured me he had pilfered them from Temples, where they had been kept as invaluable Remains of *Greek* and *Roman* Art, that some Emissaries whom for that purpose he kept at *London*, and *Paris*, had sent him others from *England* and *Italy*, which he confidently palmed on the World as his own Works, though he has been told to his Face the very Places whence they were purloined. This I readily believed, for these surreptitious Ornaments did not make above one fourth part of his Stage, and the three others were a jumble of only Billets, rough Deals, Knick-knacks, Toys and Childrens Playthings, and the whole so awkwardly and slightly put together, that the Stage looked as if it would give way every Minute, and doubtless it had fell to pieces if not carefully shored up, by a parcel of stout Fellows, who wore his Livery. On this Stage

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he strutted with a Haughtiness and Self-conceit beyond Imagination, and in setting forth the Excellency of his Drugs, his stentorophonic Voice shook the whole Structure; then he was the ugliest Fellow my Eyes ever beheld, though his real Face, still more hideous, was hid under a thick Lay of Paints, and with this Mask the Coxcomb thought himself the prettiest Fellow who ever trod a Stage. Several, willing to cure his Error, have held up a Looking-glass to him; but instead of being undeceived, he would shut his Eyes; nay he has been known more than once to break the Looking-glass. His Habilitments and Attributes cannot be better compared to any thing than those of such theatrical Potentates who, in their Perambulations to Country Fairs, carry all their Regalia in a sorry Tumbrel. So tattered and torn were his Garments as scarcely to cover those parts which Decency no where allows to be exposed; but his Expedient was to patch over the Holes, Epigrams and Odes, which were plentifully inscribed to him by his Partisans. Your common Quacks are known to set  
off



off their Stages with Narratives of Cures that the People may know what Miracles have been wrought by them, and with supposititious Patents of most high, most invincible and most potent Monarchs; but instead of such Patents and Narratives our Witling's Stage was hung with Prefaces and Dedications; and in the most conspicuous Places was exhibited his Picture in different Sizes and Attitudes, but, in one particular all alike, being embellished either with a Laurel Wreath or incircled with a Glory, the superb Symbol of honourable Immortality.

I must not omit one Circumstance, which taught me what to think of the Puffer's Religion. On the right Side of the Catafalco was placed a Female Idol in the Figure described by a celebrated *English* Author, whom I would name, did I intend it should be known whence I borrowed this Picture. Her Head in the *American* Fashion, was surmounted with a Crown composed of the Quills of Feathers, to which were tied the Names of several Authors both antient and modern who had been put to Death for refusing to  
acknow-

acknowledge her Divinity. Her Head, besides being without Eyes, was of a most monstrous Bigness, and her Belly still more disproportionate, perfectly resembling that of the *Puster* of the ancient *Germans*, with which the Priests used to play many a Juggle for terifying the People, as sometimes by secret Machinery making it send forth Fire and Flame, though, all the while, little better than a shapeless Log. Her Hands were very clumsy and of great strength. In her left she held out a Spying-glass, but this was only to conceal the want of an Eye on that side, in her right was a Vessel of Ink, which she threatened to throw in the Face of all who refused her the worship she required. Her Throne though very lofty, consisted only of one single leathern *User*; in such I suppose it was that *Aeolus* penned up the Winds. She trampled on a Naked Woman, who in all appearance was her greatest Enemy, but none of the Crowd knew any thing of her. On any Abatement of his Heat and Enthusiasm he drew near to this Idol, worshipping her with all the Servility he himself required. To her he offered,

offered, on a small Altar, several learned Compositions, thus committed to the Flames, only as not proceeding from his Pen. Of all the Signs indicating a propitious Acceptance of his Offeratories the most certain was that in the midst of his Devotions his Mouth became all in a Foam, and his Hands were seized with Convulsions not unlike those which accompany the most violent Paronyisms of atrabilious Authors. This was the Time he most availed himself of; it was whilst under this kind of Frenzy, that he dealt about his Drugs among the Spectators, gave them Receipts for mending their vitiated Taste, and expatiated on the wonderful Effects of his Panaceas, on certain Patients, who had greedily swallowed them.

His greatest Secret lay in a sort of Pills, each Dose of which he put up in one of these Papers written in praise of him, thus alone disseminating his Reputation and Pills through the deluded World. Strange was the Effect of these Pills; for no sooner were they down, than  
violent

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violent Throbs declared themselves in the Brain; and lasted till Nature had relieved itself; which was not by the usual Ways, all the peccant Matters going off through the Fingers; another strange Circumstance was, that most of the Patients collected those Excretions on Papers which they dedicated to their Physician for the Refinement of Taste, presenting them to him with the Prostrations of an Eastern Slave. Their Cure by the Empyria intitled them to a Commission from him to cure others; and it has been observed that they frequently used rougher means than their Presidents; I myself saw one of these Understrappers thrust a whole Handful of Pills down the Throat of one of the Spectators, to cure him of a bad Taste against his Will. One of the most essential Particulars had almost slipped me. Our circumforaneous Dentists usually wear, as an Insign of their Order, a string of Teeth, and this Quack Wit used something of a similar Ornament; but instead of Teeth, he had filed, as Monuments of his Penetration and Experience, hundreds of  
gram-



grammatical Faults in learned Works, by him discovered and amended. The Oddity of this Decoration unhappily set me a Tittering, which being perceived by one of the Adepts of Taste, he broke through the Croud, crying, Hands on him. He was at my Heels in a Moment and laying hold on me said, Sir, you have a Cataract, and I assure you a very dangerous one, by no means delay being cured; I can't part from you till I have removed it; nay fair and softly; don't put me on handling you roughly; Intreaties and Threatening signified nothing; down he threw me, and woeful would have been my Case, had not my Guide, I forgot by what Device, rescued me from the Claws of this well-meaning Savage.

I was scarce recovered from my Fright, when a Soul, who probably had seen the Outrage, came running up quite out of breath, Sir, she called out at ten Yards distance I am sure, that's actionable if ever thing was, begin by filing a Bill; I see you are able to push your point. Your Cause is as just as can be, it will be a  
Pleasure

Pleasure to me to serve you; and you shall see that I will not exact on you. We will harras the Defendant, till we bring him to our own Terms: and if you are for any Witneses them I will procure at a very easy Rate; as for Vouchers, every body allows few Gentlemen of the Bar come near me; rely on me, I will lead him a Dance from Court to Court; and if thirty Years hence the Cause be not more perplexed than at this present time, I will never wear a Band again. I am born to be the Scourge of Insolence, and whilst I have Ink and Fingers, writing of Briefs shall be my favourite Employment. Only give me an Abstract of the Cause; the very least Abstract in the World; for Prolixity is my abhorrence. I was amazed at the malignant Eagerness of this garrulous Soul, which was distinguishable by the large Plaits of his Gown, and through fondness to undertake so just a Cause as mine, he kept frisking about me, still with his Eyes fixed on my Pockets. I was strangely at a loss how to clear my self of this rapacious Pettifogger, without  
involving

involving myself in a Suite, when it came into my Head to tell him, that his Offers gave me the greatest Satisfaction; that I begged his Assistance in a Point, on which all my Happiness and Character depended; but that I must first request of him to obtain for me the Privileges of a Pauper, A Pauper, screamed he, in a Tone of Vexation, I am sorry for thee with all my Heart; but you would not have me embark in a Cause which at first sight, I discern to be manifestly ill-grounded. Be advised, and drop it; you are quite in the wrong, and I tell you as a Friend make it up; at least, excuse me from being a Partaker of your Weakness; it is what I would not do for my right Hand; and I must tell you, it was not overmodest to make such an Overture to a Man of Conscience and Probity. Adieu. I was overjoyed at the Success of my Contrivance, but my Triumph was soon overcast. Out from behind a Bush sallies a Soul with a huge empty Purse, and makes towards me; I, as nothing good could be augured from such a Sight, immediately was on  
the

the Wing, and I do not remember my ever having been so frightened as when I felt some body had hold of my Hair; on this I cried out that I had no Money about me; but how was I surpris'd when with a most respectful Bow, itill however holding me by the Hair, he said: O illustrious *Mecenas* such boldness in me arises purely from Love and Veneration. I presume with humble Hands and a glowing Heart to offer my Requests—— I replied, I had not a single Dollar in the World; on this he turned from me with a contemptuous Air; and I observed him to thrust himself among a Mob of *Lilliputian* Spirits running after a Soul of the first Magnitude, whose splendid Attire, in some measure proclaimed his superior Dignity and Endowments; but these Souls kept such a Buzz that at first I could not tell what was the meaning of this Concourse.

I must needs make one among them, and my Ears were dunn'd with confused Reiterations of *Altars, Ornaments of our Country, Wonders of the Age, Posterity, Fame,*  
*Immor-*



*Immortality, Bays, Laurels* and a thousand other fine things, at least one with another worth a Crown a Piece. Among the rest, I observed one with a shrill, or to speak more plainly, a squeaking Voice, who, as a Point of Energy, tacked an Acclamation to every two or three Words. It was droll enough to see the hurry with which these diminutive Souls trotted after their Hero, who being intoxicated by the Fume of their Incense, his Countenance and Gestures visibly shewed how elate he was, at their sense of his transcendent Merits. At length he deigned to take pity on his Followers; he stopped, and now the clutter increased, the little Souls tumbling over one another, each striving to be nearest their Hero. All held their Hands up, their Eyes greedily fixed on the turgid Purse of this opulent *Mace-nas*: Out came a Shower of Florins which those shotten Souls tumultuously scrambled for, and indeed great seemed their need. I addressed myself to one who had carried his Panegyric of this colossian Soul to a most exorbitant Height:

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be so kind said I, as to tell me who this illustrious and munificent Spirit is : What Countryman, what is his Title, what — Nay God knows, answered it, I knew he was to give away Money and that was enough for me——Here *Gertrude*, my Maid, bolted in upon me, with, Lord, Sir! the Country Folks are flocking into the Town, the *Prussians* are coming——if so, thought I, this is no time for dreaming.

F I N I S



